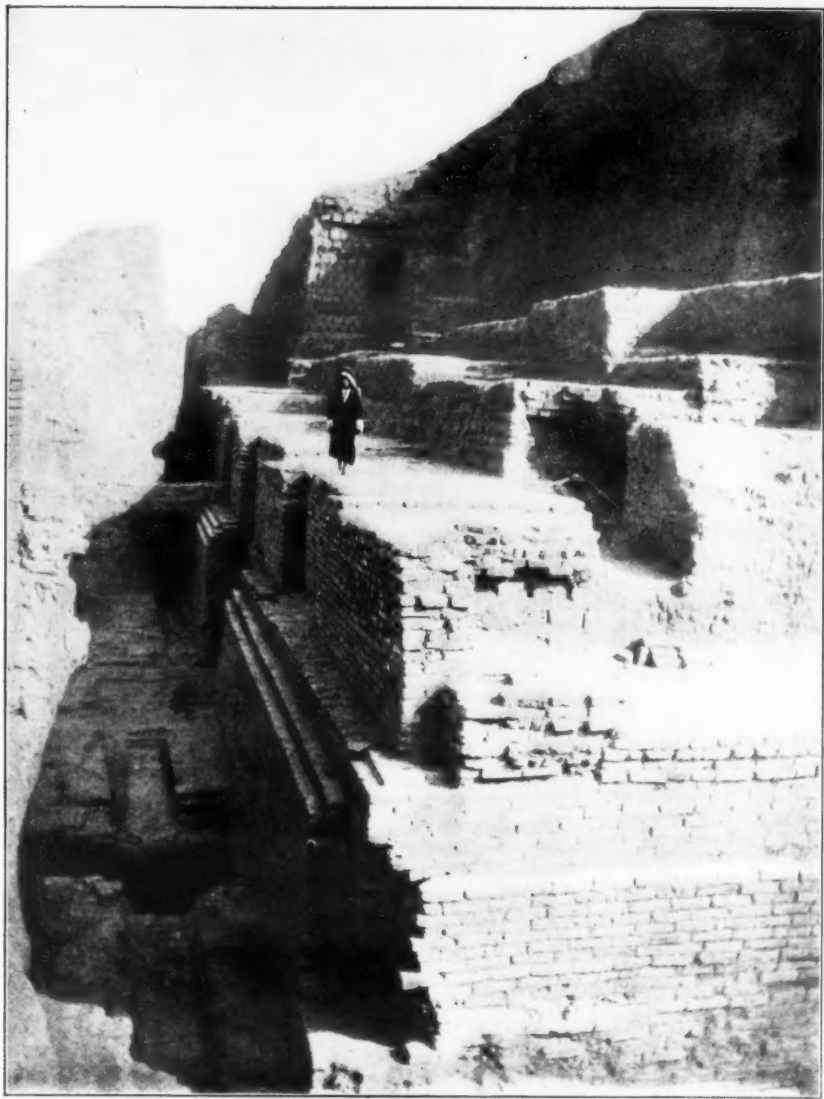


# AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

MAY 1900

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# AINSLIE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. V.

MAY, 1900.

No. 4

## 5,000 YEARS BEFORE CHRIST

### THE AMERICAN EXCAVATIONS AT NIPPUR

By THEODORE WATERS

*The first authoritative magazine article describing the finding of the site of ancient Calneh "in the land of Shinar," by an expedition sent out in charge of Prof. H. V. Hilprecht from the University of Pennsylvania. The discoveries form a remarkable corroboration of many of the statements set forth in Genesis.*

And the beginning of his kingdom was Babel, and Erech and Accad, and Calneh, in the land of Shinar.—*Genesis*, 10, 10.

IT is the great and abiding comfort of all true believers that in every instance when science seems to break down the logic of the Bible, she supplies at the same time some unexpected corroboration of the Bible's historical facts. Back through the years archaeological science has traced the story of religious belief. It has sifted from the dust of milleniums facts already recorded in the Scriptures, and it has supplied many missing links, thus making the chain of Biblical argument the stronger. At one time it is the finding of a Rosetta stone that reveals the forgotten history of Egypt; at another it is the discovery and deciphering of the Behistun Inscriptions, the key to the cuneiform language; and now it is Nippur, with its buried messages, written as long before the time of Abraham as Abraham was before our time, and revealed unexpectedly to corroborate Biblical events which occurred 5,000 years before Christ. For Nippur is Calneh—"Calneh in the land of Shinar."

Calneh now lies at the bottom of a great sand dune in Mesopotamia—that is, ancient Babylonia, and to-day—May, 1900—a party of archaeologists is delving through the debris of 7,000 years for the records that were made contemporaneous to the old-time reckoning of the deluge. From the marshy plain surrounding Calneh the sand dune looks little like the key to the beginnings of history.

Standing amid a clump of Arab mud huts where the horses are still of native strain, and the men still use matchlocks inlaid with arabesques, one might figure a mighty whirlwind of the desert staggering across the wastes picking up sand until it could carry no more and collapsing, finally, on the site of the ancient city. But in that huge mound are tunnels leading in and down, and deep rifts and pits and projecting walls of ancient cities, and platforms of baked clay, and stone stairways up which to-day hundreds of Arab porters are carrying baskets of sand. From the summit of the pile one can look afar off to the sun just gleaming above the horizon of the twentieth century, and then walk slowly down toward the beginnings of civilization. Walk as slowly as you may, and at the first dozen steps of descent you have passed the level of the Christian era. The baked clay to the right of you was placed there by Ashurbanapal, king more than 600 years before Christ. A few steps further and at your feet are the markings of Kadeshman-Turgu, 1,400 B. C. Down again, further, and you are walking on a platform laid in the time of Ur-Gur centuries before Abraham, the founder of the Jewish nation, was born. Down, still further down, only a few feet, and you are standing on the temple platform laid by Sargon I. and Narim Sin, 3,800 B. C.—Sargon whose existence even Biblical scholars have said was mythical—

Sargon, whose name, nevertheless, is stamped in every brick. Finally, through a hole broken in this platform, you may look down past thirty feet of debris to the site of ancient Nippur or Calneh and see the fragments of arches, sacrificial urns and altars built at least 4,500 B. C. The Septuagint, written 250 B. C., places the creation of the world at about 5,500; and with this in mind, it is difficult in the nineteenth century to gaze upon these evidences of man's handiwork and realize that the workmen lived more than 7,000 years ago. And yet this is by no means the strangest feature, for the records of these workmen show that they lived not within a comparatively few generations of the beginning of the world, but that they were part of a civilization as highly developed as that of the Greeks; that men carried on the business of life in a manner and with ambitions and desires not very different from those of our time, and that, most remarkable of all, this state of affairs had then been going on for many thousands of years. Evidence of all this is found stamped on the tablets and vases which are being unearthed to-day from the ruins of Calneh. It is a wonderful story, which probably has a more im-

portant bearing on the beginning and end of human life than anything else recently discovered.

It was known for a long time that the ruins of Biblical cities lay under the sands of Mesopotamia. The name of Nippur itself was familiar to a few scholars, and earlier explorations had revealed such wonders of ancient history that it was finally decided by the University of Pennsylvania to organize an expedition to explore the ruins of that ancient city. There were great expectations, of course, but they were not at all in proportion to the results. For ten years the excavations have been going on, under the leadership for two years of the Rev. John P. Peters, and since then, under Prof. H. V. Hilprecht and J. H. Haynes, the work of uncovering the ancient town has advanced steadily.

The sand is shoveled into wicker baskets, and long lines of Arabs in single file carry them out and empty them on the open plain. As the sand is removed, the explorers find broken tombs, broken altars, statuary, vases and bowls. The fragments are gathered and matched.

The mounds which are being excavated at



The Mounds of Nippur from a Distance.





Excavated Interior of the Temple of Bel.

Thousands of years are represented by each few feet of depth. Under it all lies the ancient city of Calneh.

Nippur cover several distinct cities, each one apparently having been founded on the ruins of the city which preceded it. It would seem that when a temple had crumbled away a new dynasty would level the ruins by building a platform over them. On this the new temple would be built. Five or more such platforms have been discovered in Nippur, and each one represents an interval of centuries. Each city in a manner became the cellar of its successor, and one can imagine in the millenniums that passed some inhabitant discovering a strange passageway beneath his house winding down to wonderful caverns. Yet the platforms seem to have kept the periods quite separate. Of course, those objects which are comparatively recent were found not far below the surface of the mounds. Such, for instance, were the business records of the firm of Murashû Sons of Nippur, a concern which thrived in the time of Artaxerxes I., 464 years before Christ. These tablets are, in a sense, the oldest book-keeping records in the world. Prof. Hilprecht, in telling how he found them, says:

"While exploring the central part of the

northwestern ridge of the ruins of Nippur we discovered a room (5.5 x 2.75 metres wide) about six metres below the surface. Its ceiling had collapsed long ago; its side walls, for the greater part, were in ruins, and the clay floor was covered with earth and rubbish from above. A gang of trained Affej workmen was ordered to remove the debris that filled the room, when suddenly they noticed numerous clay tablets lying upon the floor. A few hours later, the whole room had been carefully searched and cleaned. Seven hundred and thirty tablets were gathered and safely stored in the 'castle' of our fortified camp.

"After a critical examination of the building itself, and of the condition, position and contents found therein, it became evident that the excavated room had been once used as a business archive of the apparently wealthy and influential firm of Murashû Sons of Nippur, who lived in the time of Artaxerxes I. and Darius II., in whose reigns the documents are dated."

These tablets are mortgages, notes, legal contracts and agreements of all kinds, and to read them as they have been translated

by Professor Hilprecht one would almost believe them to be the work of a modern notary. Perhaps the most remarkable record is the first one translated. It is a guarantee that an emerald set in a gold ring will not fall out for twenty years. It reads as follows:

"Bêl-ad-iddina and Bêlshunu, sons of Bel and Hâtin of Bazûzu, spoke unto Bel-nâdinshumu, son of Murashû, thus: As concerns the gold ring set with an emerald, we guarantee that for twenty years the emerald will not fall out of the gold ring. If the emerald should fall out of the gold ring before the end of twenty years, Bêl-ad-iddina, Bêlshunu and Hâtin shall pay unto Bêl-nâdinshumu an indemnity of ten mana of silver."

This is a sample of the remarkable documents found in the archive room, which in our day would have been a vault or an iron safe. Murashû Sons must have carried on an extensive business, which lasted over fifty years, during which time they acted as agents for the wealthy Persians "who did not care to attend in person to their large estates in the hot and malarious Babylonian country, but leased their fields and other property to the firm, and lived from their revenues in the cities with their manifold luxuries and attractions." All this is quite evident from the many contracts, leases, bills of sale of land, orchards, slaves, oxen, etc., taken from the debris of that ancient room.

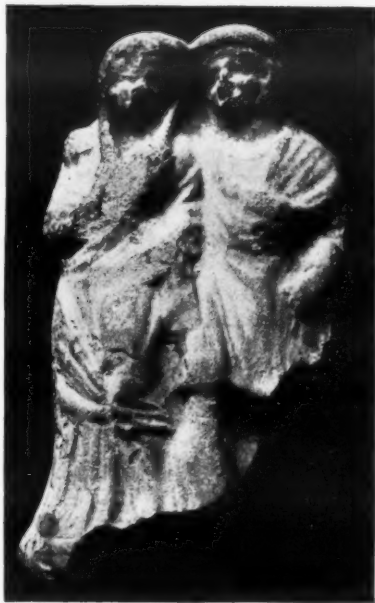
Professor Hilprecht was constantly finding fragments of tablets, of vases, of urns, of sarcophagi, etc., each fragment inscribed with some enlightening fact, or perhaps with some puzzling statement, the meaning of which was not ascertained until later. He was able, at times, to corroborate many historical statements concerning kings before Christ, and at others to fill completely many gaps in the long line of succession

until they traced back to the days of Ur Gur, 2,800 B. C., Narim Sin and his father, Sargon I., 3,800 B. C., and to fifteen kings who lived previous to Sargon. It was in the temple area that the fragmentary evidence of these rulers was found. The temple was the Temple of Bel or Inlil, around which the religion of Nippur had centered. It is curious, however, that in the three or four strata marked by the successive platforms of the temple everything was in such a fragmentary condition. It was some time before the investigators succeeded in learn-

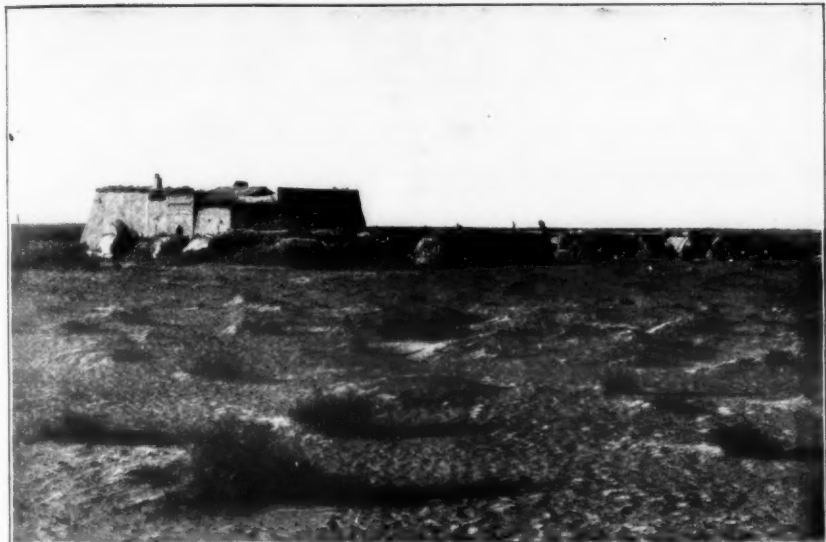
ing that this damage was the result of a raid by the Elimites, who came down from the north about 2,200 B. C. and sacked Nippur. They carried away to Elim every article of value which they could take. What they could not take they broke into pieces and scattered. The proof of this is that some of the spoil of this ancient raid is to-day being dug up on the site of old Susa.

Among the fragments of pre-Sargonic times is one which told of a king, Enshagshur-ana, and his achievements in defending Kengi from the enmity of the city of Kish. The significance of this and other fragments of similar character, however, was never realized so much as

when they were collated with that great find which revealed the existence of one of the greatest men of ancient time—King Lugalzaggisi, the conqueror of the world. The fragments were found in the sanctuary of the temple. The fragments were parts of vases scattered and broken, sometimes into the very smallest of pieces. But when properly placed together they revealed the longest inscription yet deciphered concerning the fourth and fifth milleniums B. C. The deciphering of this inscription must have been a stupendous task. Prof. Hilprecht says:



Terra Cotta Statue Found in Nippur.  
Date, 800 B. C.



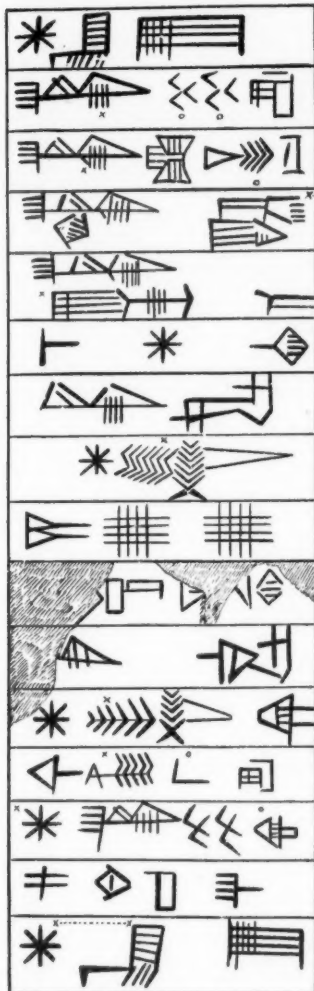
The "Castle" Where the American Excavators Live.

This remarkable structure was built with bricks from the ancient city. A king's name is stamped on every brick.



Native Arab Hut. Mounds of Nippur in the Background.

"The text was restored by myself from eighty-eight fragments of sixty-four different vases under the most trying circumstances.



The Oldest Document in the World.  
King Lugalzaggisi's account of his triumphs.

The work was just as much a mathematical task as it was a palaeographical and philological problem. On the basis of palaeographical evidence, I selected 150 pieces

out of a heap of 600 fragments and particles. Then I succeeded in placing five fragments together, whereby I obtained the beginnings and ends of each column. . . . Then followed the tedious work of arranging the little fragments and determining their exact position, although often enough not more than a few traces of the original characters were left to guide me."

This document is perhaps the most wonderful in existence. Certainly it is the oldest of any length, and taken in connection with other fragments of the time, it tells a marvelous story of human life as it existed between six and seven thousand years ago. Here it is briefly as compiled from the findings of Prof. Hilprecht:

The first king of whom there is any record was En-shagshur-ana, lord of Kengi. Kengi was the ancient name for Babylonia. It signified "land of the canals and reeds," so that the general character of the country at least must then have been very similar to that of the present time. Kengi was then in an advanced state of civilization and was inhabited partly by Semites and partly by Sumerians. The Sumerians were the cultured class. In a manner they were to the Semites what the Greeks were to the Romans, but the cultural difference was greater, perhaps. The capital of this early kingdom is not yet known, though in all probability it was the city of Erech (Genesis 10.10). But the religious centre of Kengi was the temple of the god Bel or Inlil in Nippur, which was Calneh. Nippur was under the especial care of the kings of Kengi, each of whom was called a *patesi*, a title which signified that the king was great, sovereign, lord of the temple and chief servant of its god. *Patesi gal Inlil* or Great Priest King of Bel, meant that the king was ruler by divine right. Other temples had their *patesis*, who were not kings, but who enjoyed privileges which virtually made them rulers of the cities and towns in which the temples were located.

At this early time Kengi was greatly harassed by the people of Kish, a nearby city. Kish enjoyed a cult of its own, and its *patesi* was an ambitious man who desired to extend his influence outside of his own city or kingdom. Nearly every city was a kingdom in those days. Kish lay to the north of Kengi, and the people of the latter place called it *gul shag*, that is, "wicked of heart," and *ga gul*, or "teeming with wickedness." Once, indeed, Utug, the *patesi* of Kish, encroached so far on Babylonia or Kengi that he obtained possession of Nippur, for there is a record showing that he presented a large sandstone vase to the god Bel, in the temple of Nippur. But vase fragments have been found on which was recorded the fact that En-shagshur-ana, that most ancient king, marched against Kish with an army, and defeated its *patesi*. The spoil of this expedition was presented to Bel, the god of Nippur. Later on, another king of Kengi marched against Kish, and

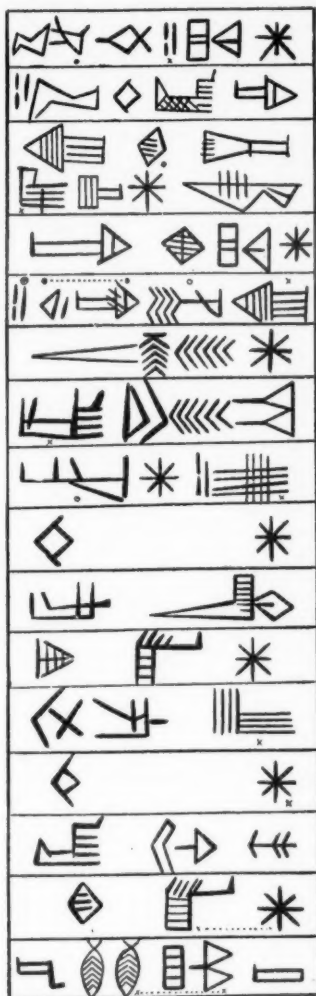
not only invested the city, but captured its ruler, En Bildar, carrying home victoriously "his statue, his shining silver, the utensils, his property," and depositing them in the temple of Bel. But this success of the Sumerians who were the natural rulers of Kengi, was evidently short-lived, for presently another king of Kish, Ur-Shulpauddu, is found to have offered several inscribed vases in the temple of Nippur "to Inlil, lord of lands, and to Ninlil, mistress of heaven and earth, consort to Inlil."

It is quite evident from the inscriptions that Babylonia or Kengi was being steadily encroached upon by the foreign hordes, who dwelt to the north. The Sumerians represented the culture of the world and Kengi was their ancestral home. How far back into the past their civilization extended is, of course, unknown, but it was very old, even at that time, for they had already apparently reached that stage of martial enervation which seems to have been the fate of most advanced civilizations. The invaders, on the other hand, were Semites, and they carried on their conquests with the vigor of a younger nation. Kish, which originally formed part of Kengi, became their most southerly outpost, and from it they sapped the strength of the Sumerian civilization. The victory of Ur-Shulpauddu was apparently complete, but whether it was shortly wrested from him, or whether he ruled a long time, the fragmentary record does not reveal. Perhaps the end of the Sumerian supremacy was inevitable, for at last, when the moment for their suppression was at hand, Lugalzaggisi appeared.

Lugalzaggisi was the son of "Ukush, *patesi* of gish-Ban, or as it is written in the scriptures, Haran, (Gen. xii-4,) and he was the chief commander of the invading army. He was the Alexander of his time, sweeping everything before him, from the Mediterranean Sea to the Persian Gulf, a remarkable corroboration of the historical certainty of many of the facts recorded in Genesis. Negative critics have endeavored to resolve the account of the four eastern kings who marched against the kings of Palestine into a myth. They contend that an invasion of such proportions as is mentioned in Genesis xiv. would have been impossible in Abraham's time. Yet Lugalzaggisi (4,500 B. C.), who lived 2,500 years before the time of Abraham, says in his inscriptions that he had extended his conquests to the Mediterranean. It might also be said, in passing, that Sargon (3,800 B. C.), who flourished long after Lugalzaggisi, and yet long before Abraham (2,100 B. C., or thereabouts), left inscriptions which show that he carried on four campaigns to the Mediterranean, until at last he subdued the Amorites, of whom records have been found in Cyprus. Lugalzaggisi's inscriptions also tend to prove the Biblical statement that the Semites came from the north to be correct, and that we must look for the origin of the race in Armenia. Ukush, the father of the world conqueror, and priest king of

Haran, was a Semite, as his name indicates.

Lugalzaggisi made Erech (Gen. 10.10) the capital of his world.



Continuation of the Lugalzaggisi Inscription.

He can hardly have been the first Semite who adopted the Sumerian pantheon of gods and their whole religious cultus. The worship of Jehovah may have been generally

supplanted by the Sumerian religion long before his time. However, the Semites appreciated the evidences of cultural difference between their own more or less barbarous habits and those of the Sumerians, who were Hamitic, for they followed the traditions of the latter to such an extent that little or nothing of that which is purely Semitic has come down to us. In language, writing, manner of living, etc., Lugalzaggisi made the whole world Sumerian. Probably he raised the standard of the world higher in proportion to its previous condition than any ruler before or since—this, of course, with the single element of religion left out. He carved his achievements on vases of stone and placed them in the sanctuary of the temple of Bel, where they remained intact until that famous Elimitic raid, when they were smashed into the fragments found and deciphered by Prof. Hilprecht. The language used by the ancient king was even poetic:

"When Inlil, lord of the lands, invested Lugalzaggisi with the kingdom of the world, when he filled the lands with his renown and subdued the country from the rise of the sun to the setting of the sun—at that time he straightened his path from the lower sea of the Tigris and Euphrates to the upper sea and granted him the dominion of everything from the rise of the sun to the setting of the sun, and caused the countries to dwell in peace . . ."

The titles of this world-conqueror were:

"Lugalzaggisi, king of Erech, king of the world, priest of Ana, hero of Nidaba, son of Ukush, *patesi* of Ban, hero of Nidaba, he who was favorably looked upon by the faithful eye of Lugalurkura (i. e. Inlil), great *patesi* of Inlil, unto whom intelligence was given by Euki, he who was chosen by Utu, sublime minister of Enzu, he who was invested with power by Utu, fosterer of Ninna, a son begotten by Nidaba, he who was nourished with the milk of life of Nin-harsag, servant of Umu, priestess of Erech, a slave brought up by Nin-a-gid-ga-du, mistress of Erech, the great abaraku of the gods . . ."

Yet after Lugalzaggisi died he was quick-

ly forgotten. The Bible does not mention him and Bible scholars heretofore have even spoken of Sargon who built his temple on the ruins of Nippur after the lapse of thousands of years as "mythical."



The God Bel.

After Lugalzaggisi's death the national spirit of the Sumerians began to reassert itself. For some years the town of Sugir had been the center of a national Sumerian movement. Urukagina was one of its rulers, and both he and one or two of his successors devoted their time to building temples. They fortified also the city of Shirkula. Another "lord of Sugir" was Nin-Sugir, who became its principal god, and who had an emblem or crest—a lion-headed eagle, with outspread wings. Sometimes the eagle would be exhibited holding two lions in its talons. Finally the Sumerians felt strong enough to throw off the Semitic yoke and the two armies fought a battle which the Sumerians won, and which

restored to them their ancient supremacy over Kengi. Erech remained the capital of Kengi for a time, but the newer dynasties moved over to Ur of the Chaldees mentioned in the Bible. It is not known how long the Sumerians were able to hold their own. It must have been but a few years, for there is evidence that the Semites again overran Kengi. And then came a dark period of which but little is known, for the Nippur of Lugalzaggisi crumbled.

The long period to which these inscriptions belong, Prof. Hilprecht says, is represented by about thirty feet of debris beneath the platforms built by Sargon and Naram-Sin.

This debris contained pottery drains, sacrificial vases, altars, true key-stone arches, hitherto considered Roman, and many other important works of antiquity. The length of this period can only be conjectured at the present time. As there is no



Babylonian Head Made of Terra Cotta.

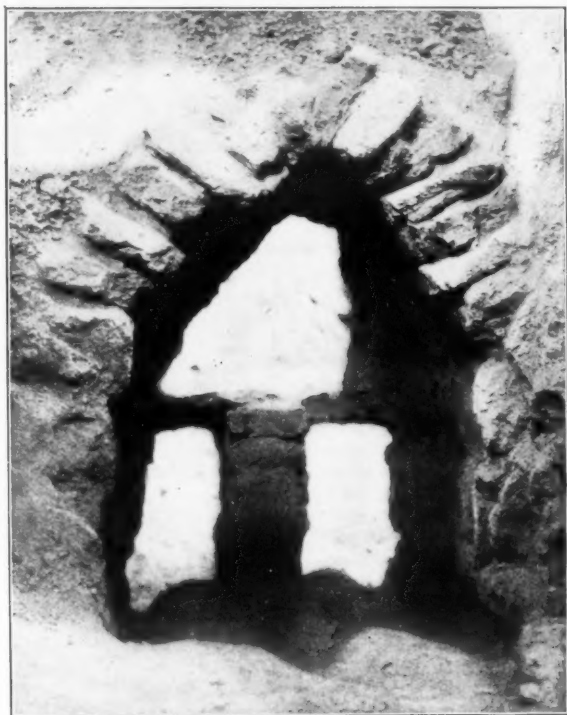


evidence of large ancient buildings prior to Sargon's time, Professor Hilprecht thinks the accumulations must represent a very long period, and especially when considered in comparison with the debris above Sargon's stratum, which is not much more to represent their building operations of over 4,000 years.

The results of the excavations at Nippur change the current theory on the origin and antiquity of many things. They throw some

senting a middle period in Babylonian history.

No one can read over the list of remarkable objects taken from the mound of Nippur without being struck with the modern quality of the daily life of the people. The great bulk of the treasures consists of cuneiform tablets of which there are over 40,000. These disclose syllabaries or dictionaries, chronological lists, fragments of history, astronomical and architectural inscriptions,



Ancient Keystone Arch.

Found at the entrance of a drain in Calneh. Date, 4,500 B. C.

very welcome rays of light on that very early period of history in the land of the Garden of Eden; they teach us that back of Abraham lies a chain of civilization which had a development of several thousand years; that the statements contained in the first chapters of Genesis are indeed an epitome of history, representing millenniums; that instead of considering Abraham as an early figure on these sands of time, we must even regard Lugalzaggisi and Sargon as repre-

religious texts, votive and contract tablets, lists of taxes, plans of estates, multiplication tables, etc. Originals and copies of these are now in the museum of the University of Pennsylvania, where they are being translated and published. Different kinds of sarcophagi used by the Babylonians are also on exhibition. Most of these coffins are slipper shaped, made of thick, half-burnt clay, and were covered originally with blue glaze, which in time turned green. There were also



some tub-shaped coffins and burial urns found in the mounds. A varied assortment of pottery was found, not only in houses, but in tombs, and the jewelry picked up in the ruins made of gold, silver, ivory, shell and stone showed that the Babylonians were adepts in the art of adornment. The record of the



The God Bel.

emerald setting in the Murashû tablets proves how exacting they were, although that record is comparatively modern. There were found also coins in bronze and iron, weapons and tools. Of the latter, might be mentioned especially a bronze pick which resembles closely the kind used by the laborer of to-day.

A close examination of the vases on

which Lugalzaggisi placed his record shows that the interior of these vessels was actually ground out with machinery. The symmetrical marks of the machine can be plainly seen. Just what the piece of mechanism was like is, of course, conjectural, although very probably it was a hand or foot driven lathe. But it is interesting in this age of machinery to think that 7,000 years ago men had already developed the germ of what is considered a very modern idea.

Down in the lowest stratum of the mound, on the probable site of Calneh no less, was found a sacrificial altar composed of sundried bricks, thirteen feet long and eight feet wide. Covering this altar was a layer of ashes several inches thick. When one thinks how long ago the last fire was made on this old pile, and that these may be the ashes of the last sacrifice, the imagination glows. Near the altar were several large, beautifully designed terra-cotta vases, used, most likely, in the temple service, while not far off was a perfectly constructed keystone arch. The origin of the keystone arch has

hitherto been laid to the Romans. And there was colored pottery also of such artistic pattern, which, as Prof. Hilprecht points out, would have undoubtedly been pronounced Grecian had it been found in an upper stratum. Prof. Hilprecht says:

"I do not hesitate to date the founding of the Temple of Bel and the first settlements of Nippur somewhere between 6,000 and 7,000 B. C., and possibly even earlier."

Perhaps it were well before closing this account to refer to the personal element in these exploring expeditions. In the first place, the project was made possible only through the contribution of over \$100,000 by several public-spirited citizens of Philadelphia—Provost Charles C. Harrison of the University of Pennsylvania, Messrs. Edward H. Clark, Clarence H. Clark, Dr. William Pepper, and others. Then, must be commended the learning of Prof. H. V. Hilprecht, the first scholar in the world on all that relates to early Bible history, whose acumen in deciphering the inscriptions has had as much to do with the success of the expedition as the very discovery of the antiquities themselves. Finally must be mentioned the personal bravery of the explorers, which is summed up in the following tribute to J. H. Haynes, in which to one who reads between lines there will be found much that is applicable to its author, Prof. Hilprecht. He says:

"The crowning success was reserved for



Terra Cotta Group, Dog and Puppies Found in Nippur.

the unselfish devotion and untiring efforts of Haynes, the ideal Babylonian explorer. Before he accomplished his memorable task, even such men as were entitled to an independent opinion, and who had themselves exhibited unusual courage and energy, had regarded it as practically impossible to exca-



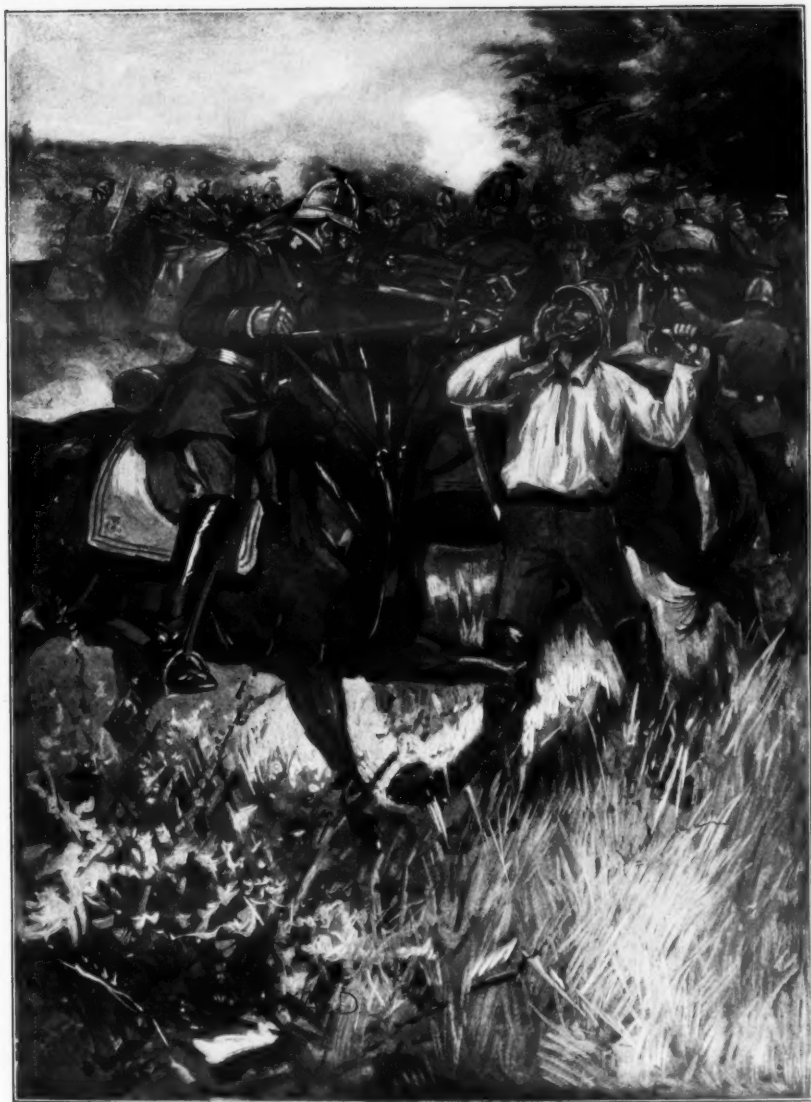
Slipper-shaped Coffins Found in an Ancient Tomb at Nippur.

vate continuously in the lower regions of Mesopotamia. On the very same ruins of Nippur, situated in the neighborhood of extensive malarial marshes and among the most wild and ignorant Arabs that can be found in this part of Asia, where Layard himself nearly sacrificed his life in excavating several weeks without success, Haynes has spent almost three years continuously, isolated from all civilized men, and most of the time without a single companion. It was indeed no easy task for any European or American to dwell thirty-four months near these insect-breeding and pestiferous Affej swamps, where the temperature in perfect shade rises to the enormous height of 120 degrees Fahrenheit, where the stifling sand storms from the desert rob the tent of its shadow and parch the human skin with the heat of a furnace, while the ever-present insects bite and sting and buzz through day

and night, while cholera is lurking at the threshold of the camp, and treacherous Arabs are planning robbery and murder—and yet during all these wearisome hours to fulfil the duties of three ordinary men. Truly a splendid victory, achieved at innumerable sacrifices and under a burden of labors enough for a giant, *monumentum ære perennius.*”

. . . . .

All day the long line of Arabs file up from the beginnings of civilization and out onto the plain of the nineteenth century. In time the work will stop, the last antiquity will have been removed, and the last wall will be razed. And in the fullness of long time the sand, urged on by the steady blowing sirocco, will slowly drift back again to hide forever the forlorn site of the oldest city in the world.



"But a man screamed . . . 'By God, sir, that is one of our own batteries.'"

# THE SHRAPNEL OF THEIR FRIENDS

By STEPHEN CRANE

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FROM far over the knolls came the tiny sound of a cavalry bugle singing out the recall, and later, detached parties of His Majesty's Second Hussars came trotting back to where the Spitzenbergen infantry sat complacently on the captured Rostina position. The horsemen were well pleased, and they told how they had ridden thrice through the helter-skelter of the fleeing enemy. They had ultimately been checked by the great truth that when an enemy runs away in daylight he sooner or later finds a place where he fetches up with a jolt and turns to face the pursuit—notably if it is a cavalry pursuit. The Hussars had discreetly withdrawn, displaying no foolish pride of corps.

There was a general admission that the Kicking Twelfth had taken the chief honors of the day, but the Artillery added that if the guns had not shelled so accurately the Twelfth's charge could not have been made so successfully, and the three other regiments of infantry, of course, did not conceal their feeling that their attack on the enemy's left had withdrawn many rifles that otherwise would have been pelting at the Twelfth. The Cavalry simply said that but for them the victory would not have been complete.

Corps prides met each other face to face at every step, but the Kickers smiled easily and indulgently. A few recruits bragged, but they bragged because they were recruits. The older men did not wish it to appear that they were surprised and rejoiced at the performance of the regiment. If they were congratulated they simply smirked, suggesting that the ability of the Twelfth had long been known to them and that the charge had been a little thing, you know, just turned off in the way of an afternoon's work. Major-General Richie encamped his troops on the position which they had taken from the enemy. Old Colonel Sponge, of the Twelfth, redistributed his officers, and the losses had been so great that Timothy Lean got command of a company. It was not too much of a

company. Forty-seven smudged and sweating men faced their new commander. The company had gone into action with a strength of eighty-six. The heart of Timothy Lean beat high with pride. He intended to be, some day, a general, and if he ever became a general, that moment of promotion was not equal in joy to the moment when he looked at his new possession of forty-seven vagabonds. He scanned the faces and recognized with satisfaction one old sergeant and two bright young corporals. "Now," said he to himself, "I have here a snug little body of men with which I can do something." In him burned the usual fierce fire to make them the best company in the regiment. He had adopted them; they were his men. "I will do what I can for you," he said. "Do you the same for me."

The Twelfth bivouacked on the ridge. Little fires were built, and there appeared among the men innumerable blackened tin-cups, which were so treasured that a faint suspicion in connection with the loss of one could bring on the grimmest of fights. Meantime certain of the privates silently re-adjusted their kits as their names were called out by the sergeants. These were the men condemned to picket duty after a hard day of marching and fighting. The dusk came slowly, and the color of the countless fires, spotting the ridge and the plain, grew in the falling darkness. Far away pickets fired at something.

One by one the men's heads were lowered to the earth until the ridge was marked by two long, shadowy rows of men. Here and there an officer sat musing in his dark cloak with the ray of a weakening fire gleaming on his sword hilt. From the plain there came at times the sound of battery horses moving restlessly at their tethers, and one could imagine he heard the throaty grumbling curse of the aroused drivers. The moon dived swiftly through flying light clouds. Far away pickets fired at something.

In the morning the infantry and guns

breakfasted to the music of a racket between the cavalry and the enemy which was taking place some miles up the valley. The ambitious Hussars had apparently stirred some kind of a hornet's nest, and they were having a good fight with no officious friends near enough to interfere. The remainder of the army looked toward the fight musingly over the tops of tin cups. In time the column crawled lazily forward to see. The Twelfth, as it crawled, saw a regiment deploy to the right, and saw a battery dash to take position. The cavalry jingled back, grinning with pride and expecting to be greatly admired. Presently the Twelfth was bidden to take seat by the roadside and await its turn. Instantly the wise men—and there were more than three—came out of the east and announced that they had divined the whole plan. The Kicking Twelfth was to be held in reserve until the critical moment of the fight, and then they were to be sent forward to win a victory. In corroboration they pointed to the fact that the general in command was sticking close to them in order, they said, to give the word quickly at the proper moment. And, in truth, on a small hill to the right Major-General Richie sat his horse and used his glasses, while back of him his staff and the orderlies bestrode their champing, dancing mounts.

It is always good to look hard at a general, and the Kickers were transfixed with interest. The wise men again came out of the east and told what was inside the Richie head, but even the wise men wondered what was inside the Richie head.

Suddenly an exciting thing happened. To the left and ahead was a pounding Spitzbergen battery, and a toy suddenly appeared on the slope behind the guns. The toy was a man with a flag—the flag was white save for a square of red in the centre. And this toy began to wig-wag, wig-wag, and it spoke to General Richie under the authority of the captain of the battery. It said: "The Eighty-eighth are being driven on my centre and right."

Now, when the Kicking Twelfth had left Spitzbergen there was an average of six signal-men in each company. A proportion of these signalers had been destroyed in the first engagement, but enough remained so that the Kicking Twelfth read, as a unit, the news of the Eighty-eighth. The word ran quickly. "The eighty-eighth are being driven on my centre and right."

Richie rode to where Colonel Sponge sat aloft, on his big horse, and a moment later

a cry rang along the column. "Kim up the Kickers." A large number of the men were already in the road, hitching and twisting at their belts and packs. The Kickers moved forward.

They deployed and passed in a straggling line through the battery and to the left and right of it. The gunners called out to them cheerfully, telling them not to be afraid.

The scene before them was startling. They were facing a country cut up by many steep-sided ravines, and over the resultant hills were retreating little squads of the Eighty-eighth. The Twelfth laughed in its exultation. The men could now tell by the volume of fire that the Eighty-eighth were retreating for reasons which were not sufficiently expressed in the noise of the Rostina shooting. Held together by the bugle, the Kickers swarmed up the first hill and laid on its crest. Parties of the Eighty-eighth went through their lines, and the Twelfth told them coarsely its several opinions. The sights were clicked up to 600 yards, and with a crashing volley the regiment entered its second battle.

A thousand yards away on the right, the cavalry and a regiment of infantry were creeping onward. Sponge decided not to be backward, and the bugle told the Twelfth to go ahead once more. The Twelfth charged, followed by a rabble of rallied men of the Eighty-eighth, who were crying aloud that it had been all a mistake.

A charge in these days is not a running match. Those splendid pictures of leveled bayonets dashing at headlong pace towards the closed ranks of the enemy are absurd as soon as they are mistaken for the actuality of the present. In these days charges are likely to cover at least the half of a mile, and, to go at the pace exhibited in the pictures, a man would be obliged to have a little steam engine inside of him.

The charge of the Kicking Twelfth somewhat resembled the advance of a great crowd of beaters, who for some reason passionately desired to start the game. Men stumbled; men fell; men swore. There were cries: "This way! Come this way! Don't go that way! You can't get up that way." Over the rocks the Twelfth scrambled, red in the face, sweating and angry. Soldiers fell because they were struck by bullets and because they had not an ounce of strength left in them. Colonel Sponge, with a face like a red cushion, was being dragged windless up the steps by devoted and athletic men. Three of the older captains lay afar back, and

swearing with their eyes because their tongues were temporarily out of service.

And yet—and yet the speed of the charge was slow. From the position of the battery, it looked as if the Kickers were taking a walk over some extremely difficult country.

The regiment ascended a superior height and found trenches and dead men. They took seat with the dead, satisfied with this company until they could get their wind. For thirty minutes, purple-faced stragglers rejoined from the rear. Colonel Sponge looked behind him and saw that Richie, with his staff, had approached by another route, and had evidently been near enough to see the full extent of the Kickers' exertions. Presently Richie began to pick a way for his horse toward the captured position. He disappeared in a gully between two hills.

Now, it came to pass that a Spitzbergen battery on the far right took occasion to mistake the identity of the Kicking Twelfth, and the captain of these guns, not having anything to occupy him in front, directed his six 3.2's upon the ridge where the tired Kickers lay side by side with the Rostina dead. A shrapnel, of course, scattered forward, hurting nobody. But a man screamed out to his officer, "By God, sir, that is one of our own batteries." The whole line quivered with fright. Five more shells streamed overhead, and one flung its hail into the middle of the third battalion's line, and the Kicking Twelfth shuddered to the very centre of its heart—and arose like one man—and fled.

Colonel Sponge, fighting, frothing at the mouth, dealing blows with his fist right and left, found himself confronting a fury on horseback. Richie was as pale as death, and his eyes sent out sparks. "What does this conduct mean?" he flashed out from between his fastened teeth.

Sponge could only gurgles, "The battery—the battery—the battery——"

"The battery?" cried Richie in a voice which sounded like pistol shots. "Are you afraid of the guns you almost took yesterday? Go back there, you white-livered cowards! you swine! you dogs! curs! curs! curs! Go back there!"

Most of the men halted and crouched under the lashing tongue of their maddened

general. But one man found desperate speech, and he yelled: "General, it is our own battery that is firing on us!"

Many say that the general's face tightened until it looked like a mask. The Kicking Twelfth retired to a comfortable place where they were only under the fire of the Rostina artillery. The men saw a staff officer riding over the obstructions in a manner calculated to break his neck directly.

The Kickers were aggrieved, but the heart of the old colonel was cut in twain. He even babbled to his majors, talking like a man who is about to die of simple rage. "Did you hear what he said to me? Did you hear what he called us? *Did you hear what he called us?*"

The majors searched their minds for words to heal a deep wound.

The Twelfth received orders to go into camp upon the hill where they had been insulted. Old Sponge looked as if he were about to knock the aide out of the saddle, but he saluted and took the regiment back to the temporary companionship of the Rostina dead.

Major-General Richie never apologized to Colonel Sponge. When you are a commanding officer you do not adopt the custom of apologizing for the wrong done to your subordinates. You ride away. And they understand and are confident of the restitution to honor. Richie never opened his stern young lips to Sponge in reference to the scene near the hill of the Rostina dead, but in time there was General Order No. 20, which spoke definitely of the gallantry of His Majesty's Twelfth Regiment of the Line and its colonel. In the end Sponge was given a high decoration because he had been badly used by Richie on that day. Richie knew that it is hard for men to withstand the shrapnel of their friends. A few days later the Kickers, marching in column on the road, came upon their friend, the battery, halted in a field. And they addressed the battery. And the captain of the battery blanched to the tips of his ears. But the men of the battery told the Kickers to go to the devil—frankly—freely, placidly, told the Kickers to go to the devil.

And this story proves that it is sometimes better to be a private.



# The Hills of Remembrance

by Arthur Stringer



A SHADOWY orchard of old apple trees sloped down to the gray cliffs, and the cliffs in turn fell sheer down into the sea. All summer long the sun beat down on the shoulder of those cliffs, and where the apple trees ended the grass was dusty and crisp and dry. Behind the deep orchard long rows of Catawbas hung sweetening on the vine, and behind that again level meadows ran back into the woods—a region of twilight and silence and enchantment!

Along the scarred face of the cliffs September flaunted her first golden-rod, while here and there were vagrant clusters of red sumach, and great clumps of billowing white clover scenting all the air. In the middle of the orchard stood an old cider-press and a row of bee-hives, while on the wide lawn to the right was a dove-cote, under which a couple of peacocks strutted languidly about in the sun.

But on the shoulder of the great cliffs themselves, that overhung the sea, a child used to sit. The child loved the smell of the sweet clover, and loved even better the wild raspberries that grew along the sun-burnt edges of the orchard. But, more than all, he loved to sit through the long, golden, quiet September afternoons, half buried in the tall grass and sweet clover at the brink of the cliff, and hear the yellow pippins dropping indolently, it seemed, one by one

from the old trees, and to look out over the water and listen to the sand martins and the swallows twittering about the face of the hill, with the lazy, sleepy, lulling drone of the waves coming up from far below. Swallows!—there seemed to be millions of them, circling in and out from their little homes in the red sand hills, wheeling and playing and circling all day long up against the deep cobalt of the Ontarian sky.

Then out on the sea itself there were ships to be seen. Not very many, it is true, just a lonely sail or two glimmering far off on the dark sky line, like opals, and a long plume or two of smoke, showing where strange steamers trafficked to and fro.

Sometimes, though, a mist would fall along the sky-line and the sea would grow hazy, and there would be only the swallows to watch, or the gray waves that gnawed forever at the foot of the cliffs, and stole an apple tree or two each year. Then the sails would turn from opals to pearls, and the long purple hills up the coast would melt down into the water, and an intangible sense of loneliness would creep over the child, though he would wonder, as he sat there, if ever could be found such another beautiful place in all the world. It filled him with a wordless but poignant delight to sniff the keen, fresh watery breeze, and to catch in his nostrils the odor of the sweet clover and



the smell of the brown old earth. It was not the sea, he knew, the real sea, but only the sister to the sea. Yet it was all the same to him. For sitting alone one afternoon on those old gray cliffs, the passion and sadness of beauty stole over him, and foolish tears came to his eyes.

He did not know the meaning of those tears. He was only a child, but years afterwards he remembered.

While he sat there a woman walked through the old apple trees, a woman who sang as she came:

"To the Hills of Home, my children, where the great tides ebb and flow,

Where the green cliffs face the salt west wind and the white sails come and go,

To the Hills of Home, my children, ah, many a mile away,

As a bird, my heart turns back, to those sad green hills to-day!"

The woman came and sat down close beside the child, looking out over the sea, and singing quietly, over and over again:

... "Where the great tides ebb and flow,  
Where the great tides ebb and flow."

Then she suddenly stopped and looked in the child's eyes, and saw there were tears on his face. She drew him close between her knees, and took both his brown hands in hers, and said:

"Are you lonely, dear heart?" The child shook his head.

The woman looked out over the water. For a long time she did not speak. Then she turned to him and said:

"I know what it means, my child, and I am glad of it. Some day you yourself will be glad of it; yes, both glad of it and sorry. It will be years and years from now. You will be away, far off in the world, my child, it may be over the sea, in my old England itself, but you will remember. I do myself!"

"What was it like?" asked the child, scarcely understanding.

"What was it like? What was it like?" mused the woman. "Oh, foolish heart, it would be hard to tell you. But it was miles and miles and miles away, across the great sea you have never seen. And it was all so different! The sea, dear, was blue, oh! so blue and deep, and wide, and the great cliffs were all of red sand-stone, and not poor clay and earth like these. And the sea, you know, was salt, sweet and keen and salt, and out on the channel—the blue, the changing, the beloved channel!—you could see the sails of the ships, like opals and pearls, and not those shreds of garish yel-

low there. And through the dear old Devonshire Combe you could see the quaint little thatched cottages of Babbacombe, each little home further down and down and down to the edge of the glittering sand, where the tide, dear, the real tide, went surging up and down with its white fringe of foam, like lace on a woman's breast. The Great Lakes have no tide. They are always the same. And over the cliffs twined wide, white paths, like ribbons, and from Anstey's Cove to Cockington Village I knew every inch of the rocks. And it seemed to be always summer there, and there were sky-larks. Oh, so many of them, and in the warm evenings the nightingales sang." The woman stopped and looked out over the water. "In this country there are no nightingales," she said, with a sigh.

"There is the hermit-thrush, mother," suggested the boy, timidly.

"—And there are no skylarks," sighed the woman.

"But we have our white-throated sparrow!" said the boy, bravely.

"—Nor the English cuckoo!" continued the woman, dreamily; "the soft, muffled love-flute of our cuckoo you hear all of a sudden on an April morning, and you know that spring has come for sure!"

"But there's our robin!" protested the boy, desperately.

The woman looked into the child's face, and remembered. "Oh, fond heart, I forgot, and it was wrong of me. That was my home, dear, years ago when I myself was a child like you. I suppose that is why I forgot. And in the long summer afternoons I used to sit on the cliffs there just as we do here. And I can remember how the tears, idle, foolish, childish tears, would come, just as I believe they came to you. But, after all, it was not the beauty of my old Torquay or the blue of the old channel. It was youth, the April of life. Your April has been here. So to this place, my child, your heart will always wander back. In years to come you will remember, and the memory will cling to you, and sadden you, and yet comfort you. You cannot understand all this now, but some day you will!"

The woman looked out over the water and sighed. The boy heard the drone of the sea at the base of the cliffs, and the music of it sank into his heart.

But he did not understand. He was indeed only a child. Yet long years after he remembered, and remembered well. I know this, because I was that child.



*The La Roche Studio.*

"Colonel" James Hamilton Lewis.

# JAMES HAMILTON LEWIS

## A POLITICAL PARADOX

By E. D. COWEN

HUMAN nature and the Constitution of the United States render it possible for queer and freaky mortals to epitomize their inexplicable careers in the biographical records of Congress. Whatever distrust may be aroused as to the want of dignity and perception in the electors, every appearance of a curio Congressman at the scene of federal legislation at least affords an agreeable subject to students of the law of proportion in politics, and stimulates that sense of humor which is as leaven to the strenuous national life.

While James Hamilton Lewis, of Washington, is not to be considered in the class of the sockless Kansan and the Texas gas-blower, he is the most picturesque example of success in American politics. Any conscientious review of his life and character must seem maliciously exaggerated. He was a Fusion fop; a campaign incongruity who polled the largest vote of any candidate on his ticket. He strutted in the polychromatic fal-lals of a cake-walk champion, and won the adherence of every bewhiskered and unwashed Jacobin of his state. When he began his Thrasonic bombardment of Congress he was pointed out as a magniloquent absurdity; yet he made bold to aspire to Democratic leadership on the floor. Manifestly an articulate, ambulant vanity, he obtained an unaccountable influence over members on both sides. Newspaper row gridironed him daily and grew fonder of the delighted victim. Paragraphers embalmed him as a congressional joke, little thinking that recognition of whatever sort was the acme of his aspirations. And, after all, when the same Fusion combination that nominated and elected him in 1896 went down in the defeat of 1898, he again polled the largest vote on the ticket. Meanwhile, within the brief period of one term in the lower house he had achieved national notoriety. Now he is renescent as a congressional candidate.

What is the force, the strength, the attractiveness of the man? Any answer to such a question not predicated on the gullibility of the voting majority, would be su-

perficial. On the other hand, Lewis is to be accredited with remarkable intuition and insight. He is studied in both the diagnosis and the therapeutics of human weakness. He is like a specialist in the treatment of an organic disease with which he is unsentiently afflicted. He is a master in the art of pandering to the egotism of others, and as skilful as the most accomplished actor in simulating sympathy. Two infirmities are the poles of his political strength; his mania for self-advertising and his jocular disregard of the truth. Throughout his singular progress may be traced a radiant reliance on human credulity, which is in itself incredulous.

Again, one of the secrets of his faithful personal following will be appreciated by every one familiar with the mainsprings of practical politics. Lewis is without question the leading criminal and jury lawyer of his state. In this practice he made no distinction for years between the client who could and the client who couldn't pay a retainer. Although sober and successful as a lawyer, he is impecunious. He is in no sense sordid. His enormous industry and earning capacity have never been directed in the line of accumulation. He is of generous temperament, and uniformly kind to the point of servility. Little of that malice which makes for revenge or the injury of an enemy by under-hand methods, or the meaner satisfactions of private scandal, is discoverable in him. He regards himself statuesquely as a figure of permanence in public life, and therefore refuses to be insulted, no matter how angry or vituperative the assailant. From the effects of a practical joke—and he has been the victim of severe ones—he recovers as the subject of a clinic recovers from the effect of an anæsthetic, seemingly unconscious of what he has gone through.

Not the least important factors in the promotion of Lewis' political designs have been his unvarying urbanity, his cheerful willingness to accommodate anybody and everybody, and his effusive, stalking and grotesque politeness. Very early in the game of notoriety he has played so well, he devoted himself

arduously to elocutionary training and to the acquirement of manners according to what might be termed a Lewis code of mannerisms. In keeping with his ideas of segregation in the social scale, he differentiates the manipulation of his headwear; and the scope of his salaams is adjusted to the importance of the individual recognized, whether man or woman. To the latter he is foppishly deferential, making it an attitudinarian virtue, rain or shine, to keep his hat removed while holding sidewalk conversation with ladies. The colonel has won a considerable and loyal drawing-room constituency with these super-exquisite civilities.

Lewis has received many titles. He has been known as "Longshoreman" Lewis, "Dude" Lewis, "Habeas Corpus" Lewis, "Colonel" Lewis, and barely missed being dubbed "Dog-Latin" Lewis.

The accompanying autobiography, pre-

pared for this review by himself, is characteristic in that it is out of joint with the facts. Considerable doubt exists as to his age. He says that he was born at the close of the War, the vicissitudes of which made him responsible for the support of his parents. Thus he started life as a prodigy of labor in the cradle. The University of Virginia has been queried in vain for confirmation of his alumniate. He is not known to men represented by him to have been classmates. He never loaded ships as a longshoreman at Seattle. He never taught the dead languages, of which he knows nothing, at the Washington State University. Nor did he teach any other language. He was not nominated for governor in 1892. In making these trifling corrections, the purpose is to suggest an idiosyncrasy which stands out as one of the striking peculiarities of this very peculiar man.

The presence of young Lewis at Seattle nearly fifteen years ago was first made known through the columns of the *Chronicle*. He had called on the editor, decked out in cheap rainbow attire, and wearing a sad-looking stovepipe hat.

"I have come out to this territory to go to Congress when it becomes a state," said he, "and have decided to settle in Seattle to practice law. Now, I would be very grateful if you gave me a little notice. I don't care what you write about me so long as you give me a send-off."

The editor took him at his word, describing him as a hand-me-down dude, and quoted him precisely. The town laughed at the skit, while Lewis expressed his delight at the kindness of his editorial caricaturist. No one took him seriously. He had only a single client in months, and this one he sought as he did many others afterwards. The offender had stolen a box of cigars. Lewis defended him on the pretext that he took the property for safekeeping, and with its restitution secured an acquittal. For this service the future Congressman received eighty cents, half of the capital of the accused. Unable to make a living at law practice, he accepted a position as checking-clerk on the docks. At this work he labored a month and a half. The longshoremen began by making all manner of fun of "the



"Dude" Lewis.

"The glass of fashion and the mould of form" on a royal progress along the street, bowing to left and right—his hat in air fully half the time.

# AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JAMES HAMILTON LEWIS.

WRITTEN FOR AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE.

(Facsimile.)

Born at the close of the Civil War, his father serving as an officer with General Lee; taken to Georgia as a child; grew up in Augusta, in that State; from there went to Savannah. Graduated at the University of Virginia; was admitted to the Savannah Bar in 1884. The vicissitudes of the war left his family dependent; he being the only child, their support <sup>was</sup> thrown upon him. Came to Seattle winter of 1885; unable to do anything at his profession. <sup>Worked on</sup>

*at docks loading ships as a longshoreman. Taught class for the State University at night in the dead languages. Got back to his profession in 1886 - was largely looked on as the friend of the poor - taking their cases without compensation.*

Was elected to the Territorial Senate for the three main counties of the Western part of the State in the Legislature of 1887-8.

*Then followed his professional success in railroad and Criminal law - He was <sup>one of the</sup> main trial lawyers in the larger cases that arose in the State.*

Was first Chairman of the first Democratic State Convention held in the State of Washington; refused the nomination for Congress in 1890; candidate for Governor in 1892, and although nominated refused to accept because he was opposed to the declaration of the platform adopted by his party convention. Was the minority candidate for the United States Senate in the Legislature of 1894. Elected to

*Congress 1896 - after having been placed in nomination in the Chicago convention for the President when Bryan was chosen <sup>and</sup> President. - Etc Etc Etc*

dude." But they discovered in him such amiability and so much frothy erudition that they ended by electing him an honorary member of their union at his own solicitation. Hence a tradition which survives to this day as a factor in his popularity with the laboring classes.

His first distinction as a criminal lawyer was earned soon after by securing under *habeas corpus* proceedings the wholesale release of the prisoners, about twenty in number, serving sentences in the city jail. He was sustained by the territorial court on the contention that the ordinances under which convictions had been secured were invalidated by an error in the territorial code which gave to the *habeas corpus* act of Charles II. a faulty construction. His reward for this service to the criminals was of a convertible variety of valuables ranging from a silver watch to a Siwash pony.

"Habeas Corpus" Lewis thereupon embarked upon his career as police court lawyer, and began the structure of a fabric of friendships among the criminal classes.

When the Chinese riots broke out at Seattle in 1886 Lewis joined B company of the Seattle Rifles as a private, and when quiet was restored, he defended the rioters in court. Thus he earned the reputation of a law and order citizen; won the gratitude of the rioters by his dramatic zeal in their behalf, and solidified himself with the labor organizations by which the trouble had been fomented. He made a poor stick of a soldier, being so conspicuously deficient in drill and so incapable of discipline that he was omitted from the roster of the company contests. On street parade he had an incurable predilection for bowing to sidewalk acquaintances, and ceremoniously doffing his cap to the ladies.

It was not the intention of Lewis long to serve the commonwealth in the capacity of a private militiaman. Governor Semple, territorial appointee of Cleveland, made him a lieutenant-colonel of staff. He afterwards became lieutenant-colonel of the First Washington, and then inspector-general with rank of colonel. "Colonel" Lewis, like "Dude" Lewis and "Habeas Corpus" Lewis, was very much of a joke, laughed at by Democrats and Republicans. The colonel, while Congressman, reached the zenith of his military glory in a mysterious junket to Newport News, where he donned a Khaki uniform, bearing the insignia of a colonel's rank, not of the "U. S. A.," but of the National Guard of Washington. Now the colonel pre-

tends to have been appointed by General Brooke as a member of General Frederick Grant's staff at the solicitation of Judge McKenna. Everyone knows that neither regimental nor staff appointments were made in such manner, and that judges of the Supreme Court, whatever their other occupations, are not given to promoting the efficiency of the army by seeking military genius in Congress and conniving to send it to the front. The knowledge of the War Department is that at his own solicitation Congressman Lewis was permitted to accompany General Grant to Porto Rico as a civilian. This he failed to do. But out of the occultation of the twelve days' service of "Colonel" Lewis at Newport News as "inspector-general on the staff of General Grant" came the startling disclosures which led to the beef scandal. He did it, and he was the secret emissary of General Miles. Such was the avowal of Congressman Lewis to his constituency. And then the colonel, instead of rushing headlong into war or the sanitary defense of the army, hastened across the continent to conduct a campaign that was disastrous to him.

Possibly in this brief outline of the colonel's military fame at home, and the hardships the Congressman suffered in rescuing San Juan from the assault of hypothetically bad meat, may be discovered his dislike of "military satraps."

An expert in cerebral physiology would discover in James Hamilton Lewis a rare subject. If his memory were a pool-table the old-fashioned numbered balls would never find a pocket. In the recollection bureau of his brain is no pigeon-hole for mathematical facts. His reasoning powers scorn precision. A million dollars filtered through his eyesight or communicated to his auricular nerve like as not would drop from his mouth a trillion. During the campaign of 1896, when the monetary problem was the first of the issues, he undertook a joint debate. Referring to the national circulation, he exclaimed with convincing vehemence:

"It is the proposition of those who govern you that in this country, with its 68,000,000 of people, with a volume of business which exceeds \$22,000,000,000, and a public debt which exceeds \$32,000,000, you are met with a proposition that the amount of money with which your country may do its business is to be divided. You are told the stool shall stand on three legs; that there is \$5,000,000,000 in gold, with \$1,000,000,000 reserve, making it \$6,000,000,000. You are





La Roche Studio.

James Hamilton Lewis.

told that there is \$5,000,000,000 accessible in silver, and given to understand that there is \$5,000,000,000 more of what is known as greenbacks. In other words, the aggregate of \$16,000,000,000."

At this point the Populist chairman of the meeting, more familiar with currency estimates, tugged at his coat tail and suggested that he was "way off in his figures." Whereupon Lewis continued, apologetically:

"My friends, the terms are more or less perplexed in my memory. I do not know why I have used those words million and billion; it is not because of physical exhaustion; it seems to be mental annoyance. I have used the word billion instead of million in the amount of money, and used the word million instead of the word billion. Your debt runs into thirty-three billions of dollars. You understand it was but a slip of the tongue."

Later in the same debate his gold currency took on a dreadful emaciation. "These

gentlemen say that the gold will leave the country," said he. "I ask where will it go? Will these gentlemen take this \$6,000,000 of gold and dump it into the Atlantic to add to Captain Kidd's treasure? Where is that six?"—here the chairman reminded him that he meant \$600,000,000—"yes, hundred million of dollars going that is going to leave this country?"

These statements are quoted from a stenographic report of his speech.

Another instance of this singular perversion is found in the oft-repeated charge he made that Mr. Hanna had swindled the Government in the sale of the yacht *Corsair*. He stated the cost of the vessel at various times to have been \$18,000, \$48,000 and \$60,000; and the Government purchase price \$102,000, \$115,000 and \$118,000. The facts were that the yacht cost \$155,000, and was sold to the auxiliary board for \$115,000.

Throughout his struggle for re-election Lewis was unable to extricate himself from





Lewis in one of his most impassioned stump attitudes.

the meshes of misrepresentation in which he became entangled at the start. Perhaps the most comical posture he assumed was that of a patriotic Bryan Democrat weeping over the valiant onslaught at Santiago of the Sixty-ninth New York and the Twenty-sixth Michigan, when as a matter of fact one regiment had not been sent to Cuba and the other was not in existence.

Lewis is also deficient in geometrical comprehension. Orographic and topographical lines are meaningless to him. Land plats or diagrams of whatever sort convey to his mind no idea of relative area or distance. To no drawing or map can he mentally adjust the points of the compass. His most ridiculous opacity is in the matter of geography. Before the Seattle Chamber of

Commerce he once opposed the local Nicaragua Canal agitation on the ground that if a ship channel were cut from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific Ocean the exportation of flour from Puget Sound to China and Japan would cease, and India, with its cheap labor, would flood those countries with wheat.

It may be said of Lewis that he is a lawyer of cultivated eccentricities, gifted with methods of practice that are unique and puzzling to the ablest members of the bench and bar, as well as to the many partners he has had. He is possessed of an amazing fund of misinformation or half-information that no sense of the ludicrous or fear of corrective rebuke deters him from exploiting. In plausibility of argument and persuasiveness of manner he is exceptionally talented. Though he no longer courts reputation as a criminal lawyer, he is without a peer at that practice in his state. He has defended thirty-two murderers and lost only one verdict in the first degree. In this case he secured a reversal, and finally acquitted the accused. This was a German named Frederick who went to Seattle to visit a friend named Scherbring. Shortly after arriving, he discovered from correspondence that Scherbring had become engaged to the girl in Germany who had been the sweetheart and promised wife of Frederick. Actuated by jealousy, he coaxed his friend out to a beer garden and there killed him. The case rested on circumstantial evidence. Feeling ran high, and the defendant was convicted. Written testimony from Germany was used against Frederick. After five successive appeals in different form, Lewis had the conviction set aside on the ground that the testimony taken under the German law was invalid under the Constitution of the United States.

One of the cases which attracted great attention for the daring position of the defence was that of a young man named George Williams, who brained the superintendent of the Port Blakely Lumber Mill with a fragment of iron pipe. The deceased was shown to have been a tyrannical superior. Lewis defended Williams on the ground that the superintendent, though a man in form, was a beast in character; that it was the indirect order of God some man should kill him; that Williams simply performed a duty to society. An acquittal followed, to the utter consternation of the county, the jury going to the extent of inquiring if there was no way in which Williams could be indemnified

for the two years and a half he spent in jail awaiting trial.

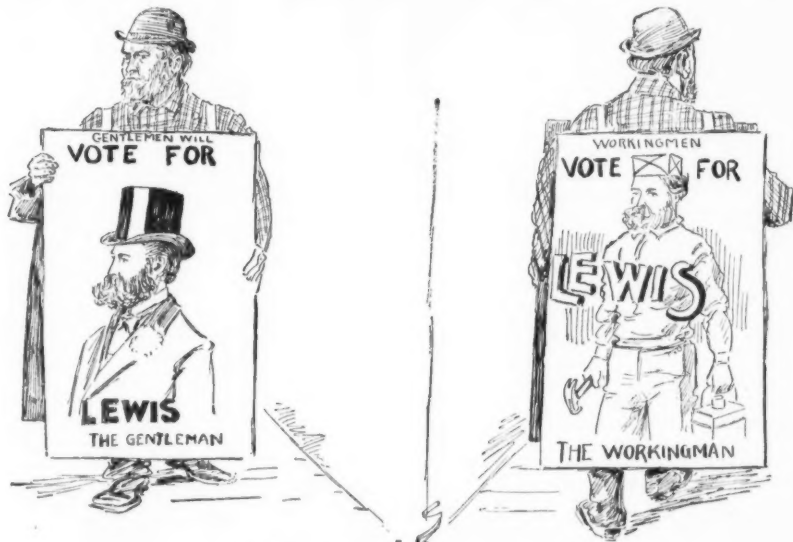
Martin Phillips, a member of a religious sect, a Canadian by birth, who lived on San Juan Island, married a woman not of this sect. His home was surrounded by neighbors, who insisted on performing religious rites in the night. Phillips stepped to his door and fired several shots from his Winchester rifle. The night was so dark he could not see the invaders. Next morning in the mud and water around the premises were found his own brother, one woman and two men, all dead. Besides, several others were wounded. Lewis got a change of venue, defended Williams upon the ground that this religious sect having invaded his home were rioters, and so frightened his wife that she was threatened with mental collapse; that Phillips was justified in killing all who participated in producing such a result upon a member of his family. Phillips was acquitted, but compelled to return to Canada.

Paul Page, son of the ex-Mayor of Milwaukee, while on his way to Alaska, killed the proprietor of one of the principal hotels at Seattle over a dispute growing out of a poker game. Page had been educated in Paris, where he had formed the absinthe habit. Lewis' defense was that Page had been given *Cannabis Indica*, or what is known

as "Hasheesh," and his vision had become so distorted that he was unable to distinguish between the man who was robbing him in the game and the proprietor of the hotel; that having a just cause to kill the player who was robbing him, he killed the proprietor under a mistaken sense of identity. Page was acquitted. The case was discussed in the leading medical journals of the world, not one of them agreeing with Lewis' theory, though he had persuaded the jury to do so.

What is known as the Nordstrom case best illustrates the resourcefulness of Lewis. Nordstrom, a Swedish citizen, was sentenced to be hanged six years ago, and the evidence against him was circumstantially so complete that no one thought he had a chance to escape the gallows. Lewis was engaged by the Swedish Consul to attempt his rescue. With one technicality and another, he has taken the case four times before the state Supreme Court and three times before the Supreme Court of the United States. Nordstrom has been sentenced to death seven times, and is at present awaiting the disposition of another appeal.

Although Lewis is a great conjurer with juries, his successes are mainly attributable to his extraordinary industry, his tireless application to the work in hand, and his remarkable intimacy with the books. It is said



(Campaign cartoon from the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*.)

"He is everything to everybody."

of him that he can find more bad law for a bad case than any lawyer in the state, and that scarcely any question can arise in the practice at which he has become so skilled upon which he is not prepared to cite authorities. These may not always be in his favor, but his memorized references will almost invariably disclose the subject matter at controversy. This advantage was long ago recognized at the bar as his most substantial resource.

If the human brain was properly likened

by De Quincey to the palimpsest of the ancients, that of Lewis fails to disclose under the fluid action of the will the literary treasures committed to its keeping. He quotes philosophy, he quotes poetry, he quotes economics, he quotes Scripture, he quotes Latin—and almost invariably misquotes. But to the multitude, such are his suavity and address that his misquotations serve to clothe him with the dignity and wisdom of the sage. He has, moreover, an amusing infelicity in his scholastic flights. He affects to esteem Hortensius highly, to revere Cicero as his model, and he has discoursed glibly about Jeremy Bentham as their contemporary. In concluding a brief to be filed in the state Supreme Court once, he made a lengthy quotation from Virgil, accrediting it to Homer. When the error was pointed out by a law partner, he exclaimed, indignantly, "Confound that stenographer!"

In smoothing over his bad breaks, he is never wanting in readiness of excuse. On the stump once he scored a political opponent as a "horrible Centaur with the head of a human being and the body of a snake."

When a friend challenged his information next day, he replied: "That is nothing, my dear boy—a mere slip of the tongue."

In his periphrastic deliriums Lewis is prone to invent quotations. One of his common campaign tricks in 1896 was to read from the Republican text-book statements it did not contain. He has been caught resorting to the same device in court; he has been trapped citing authorities that did not exist, and quoting from others wrongly. On one public occasion, he felt inspired to test his

familiarity with Gibbon, so he attributed to the historian the following verbal pyrotechnics:

"Gibbon was right when he said, 'Rome never lost her liberty until the money, the life-blood of the country, was sapped from her vitals by the hands permitted to lay themselves upon the ventricles of her free heart, and draw the blood from her, and when the light of the republic went out, the life of her citizens expired.'"

In March, 1893, shortly after Cleveland had been inaugurated, the central committee and the leading Democrats met for the



Caricature from the  
*Seattle Post-Intelligencer*.

"The Professor is not much with plates, knives, balls, and bowls; but when it comes to juggling with figures, he beats them all."

purpose of selecting candidates to be recommended to the President for the federal appointments in the State of Washington. Lewis opposed the plan and addressed the conference on a resolution presented by himself, the purport of which was that the committee should not act in the matter.

Captain W. D. O'Toole, a West Pointer, replying to Lewis, said that inasmuch as the Democrats of the state had no representative in Congress to advise the President as to the character or fitness of candidates, the central committee could with all propriety

and expediency announce their preferences to him as a *senatus consultum*—the literal meaning of which is “a decree of the senate.” Captain O’Toole used the expression in an advisory sense.

Lewis jumped to his feet and exclaimed with tragical breath, “I thank my classical friend for his allusion to the *senatus consultum* of Rome. Now, Mr. Chairman, what became of that infamous body? It sold the crown to the nefarious Pertinax, and they were hurled from the Tarpeian

rock into the sea by an infuriated populace.”

Lewis was not inaptly described by a colleague in the House as “an incomprehensible political paradox.” Although in externals and mental make-up a tangle of contrarities, as a self-centered creation in the human kingdom he is a phenomenon. He is in politics to remain, and however he may modify or cultivate his eccentricities, he is become a factor always to be reckoned with in the State of Washington.

## THE ARISTOCRAT OF THE KITCHEN

By HARVEY SUTHERLAND

IF the test of nobility is antiquity of family, then the cockroach that hides behind the kitchen sink is the true aristocrat, for it can point with pride to the coal in the hod and say, “When that was made my ancestors were already well established and prominent.” By comparison, Man is an animal of the last twenty minutes or so, even granting the boldest claims of the most advanced geologists. There is good reason to believe that the cockroach is the oldest of air-breathing animals. From the rocks we do not know half a dozen insects besides them. They occur at every horizon where insects are to be found at all.

The roach has seen the most promising organisms enter the world’s history, flourish for a time and then pass away, after having tried in vain all manner of variations. It has kept to its type of the Carboniferous era, satisfied with itself, as the true Conservative should be. Others of its class are compelled to pass the primary periods of life masked as grubs and water-wigglers, and lie tranced as chrysalids to burst forth in winged glories at the transformation scene. To the cockroach all this has seemed something too much like mountebanking, too sensational, too flash. “Once a cockroach, always a cockroach,” is its motto, and though it change its clothes seven times in its progress from the egg to the adult, and puts on wings when it is grown up, it never takes an *alias*, never appears to be anything but what it is, a cockroach.

I can well imagine what contempt the

members of this family must feel for all the other kinds of insects that grow up without a mother’s care. “Well, what can you expect?” they seem to me to ask when they hear talk of the goings-on among the moths and butterflies, the June bugs and mosquitoes. “Call themselves mothers!” snorts an indignant matron of the *Blatta Orientalis*, her long antennæ quivering with disgust. “Pretty mothers they are! They think all they have to do is to lay eggs by the hundred and then go gallivanting off, trusting to luck that some will hatch out and live. Mother? Huh! Huzzies, I call ’em.”

The mother mosquito may launch her silvery boat of forty dozen eggs on the still waters in the early morning and then sing the happy hours away while she seeks her one chance in three million to imbrue her pumps in warm, red blood, but the mother cockroach remembers who she is and of what long lineage she comes, and does her sixteen eggs up in a nice, neat case which she carries about with her till she feels the thrill of life within it. Then she helps the little ones rip open the crinkled seam of the valise and teaches them their first lesson of economy by eating up the empty egg-case. They remember it when their baby clothes burst off them and they come out, white and soft. They do not send their cast-off garments to sufferers by flood and famine; they eat them. Mother cockroach broods the little ones and protects them. Indeed, I know of no more touching spectacle than a happy cockroach home with all the little ones play-

ing around, climbing over Uncle George, or sitting on Uncle Harry's back, or cuddling under mother or Aunt Eliza. (The names, of course, are fictitious, but the fact may be easily verified.)

The progeny of a pair of early spring house-flies will number 2,000,000 before the summer is ended, so it is calculated, but under the most favorable conditions there will not be more than one brood of sixteen cockroaches in a season. It used to be thought that it took the young from four to five years to grow up, but that was too extravagant a guess. Observation shows that the Croton bug matures in from four and a half to six months, and specimens of *Periplaneta Americana*, the standard American cockroach, hatched on July 11th, began to go out in society between March 11th and June 12th of the following year. In the colder climates they retire from active business to winter quarters, where they hibernate.

Being so few in family, it is evident that the life of a cockroach is a good insurance risk as compared with that of the fly, the moth or any other of the six-legged tribe. Why? In all these millions of years since the era of the Coal Measures he has learned how to live. He is smooth; he is agile; he is thin, hard to catch and easy to hide. His eyes may not amount to much to warn him of the approach of foes, for they are bent under, like his mouth parts, so that he may see what he is eating, but his antennæ are a hundred joints in length, sensitive to odors, but especially to joists and jars, which are what sounds must be to an insect. The old Romans called the cockroach *lucifuga*, fleeing the light, but the old Romans did not observe closely or they would have seen that it was not the light that the insects fled from, but the one that carried it. Flash light on them all you like. They do not object. But take a step, whose tremor is conveyed to the walls and floor and sets their antennæ to swaying, and the scuffling of their wings shows how anxious they are to get away and under cover.

Six-legged or two-legged, the true aristocrat has no desire to mix with the mob. He believes in sticking to his own set. He holds the others off. For, in the struggle for existence to have too many fond of you is distinctly to lessen your chance of survival. For instance, what is it makes the existence of the vanilla grower one ceaseless vigil? What but the fact that from root tip to flower bud the vanilla plant is popular

with all kinds of creatures, with backbones and without them, shelled and unshelled, furred, feathers and fuzzy, winged, walking and crawling? That is why at all hours of the day and night the vanilla grower must be eternally saying "Shoo, there!"

The cockroach is no vanilla plant. Nothing like it. He has a flavor, though, that defends him as well as if he bristled with spines. He is not hail-fellow well-met with all sorts of creatures. About the only animal that likes him is the tree-toad, although among some peoples salted cockroaches are a great delicacy. I cannot say if they are really very good. I never tried. I should think not, though, for cockroach tea and cockroach pills are used in Russia as remedies for dropsy. People are not accustomed to make medicines out of goodies.

Cockroaches have the habits of a confirmed tobacco chewer and expectorate freely in safe run-ways, probably to mark the places for identification. They have glands that secrete what they think is perfume, and it is so lasting that it ruins articles of food, especially coffee, to be left on a shelf where roaches run. Nothing but boiling water and soapsuds can remove the taint.

Because of this, and also because it is a scavenger (for all despise the truly economical), the roach is unpopular. The variety called the Croton bug, because of its early recognition of the value of a system of waterworks, by following the pipes of which it could reach the homes of all and attain warmth and moisture almost equalling the long-lost days of the Carboniferous era, the vanished Eden of the cockroach, is really a German importation. Although it does not bear the label "Made in Germany," it is named *Ectobia Germanica*, and is much smarter than the others of its race. Yet in North German kitchens it is called a "Suabian," in South German a "Prussian," in East Germany it is a "Russian," and in West Germany a "Frenchman." Sometimes it is also a "Spaniard" or a "Dane," but never, never does a countryman of "Wild Willi" admit that *Ectobia Germanica* is a German, East, West, North, South, High, Low or Middle. They wash their hands of the whole tribe, and would like to wash their cupboards of them, too.

The Croton bug is rather the smallest of the roach house population. He is five-eighths of an inch in length at maturity, is light brown, with two dark brown stripes on his thorax. As becomes an inhabitant of this continent of great things, the *Periplaneta*

*Americana* is the biggest, though the tropical "drummer" which beats rhythmically on the woodwork with his wings is two inches long and measures three inches from tip to tip of his outspread wings. It is said that there is a very gay-colored cousin under the equator six inches in length.

What the English story-books call the "black beetle" is really a cockroach, Oriental in its origin. What makes our English cousins give it this name is because it is not a beetle and is not black, but a dark brown. The males have shortened wings, and the females have hardly any. This is as it should be. There is too much gadding about by the sex.

The Australian variety, being a good sailor, fond of the roving life, the warmth and moisture of the forecastle, to say nothing of its picturesque untidiness, is now generously distributed throughout the world, thanks to ocean-borne traffic. He has a yellow band on the upper chest and a yellow dash on the sides of his upper wings.

You will never find these four varieties dwelling together in amity in one house. Like the good old Tory that he is, the cockroach is intolerant to the last degree. If he cannot beat his kinsman in the battle to the death, he emigrates to another house, where he may hide in a crack in the wall, according to the dictates of his conscience. The cockroach is thoroughly in accord with Governor Roosevelt in his advocacy of the "strenuous life." He never gets enough fighting while he lives. Put in a bowl with an opposition roach, he furnishes as fine a gladiatorial show for the money as one could ask for. At the conclusion the victor gathers up the fragments of his adversary and, that nothing may be left, eats them. This form of entertainment is deservedly popular among the Chinese.

Being scavengers, cockroaches are omnivorous. They will devour anything except the poisons set out for them. Any dead animal matter, cereals, woolens, shoes, cloth and leather bindings of books—all are acceptable; but what they chiefly dote upon is flour-paste. "Oh!" exclaims the *Blattidean* epicure, throwing up both antennæ in ecstasy, "when I am dead, remember me by paste!" It is this that makes them such a trial to librarians. The United States Treasury Department had to have a whole set of volumes completely rebound. Even the lettering had been nibbled away, not for the gold-leaf, but for the albumen that sticks it on, which is extremely grateful to the cock-

roach palate. In Lapland they frequently bring on real destitution by devouring and tainting the dried fish stored up for the winter. Brazilian mothers, whose pride in the long and curving eyelashes of their children is justifiable, are often made to grieve at the sight of those eyelashes nibbled over night by roaches in the most distressing and mangy-looking manner. Finger nails and toe nails are also much affected by roaches, for they have strong biting jaws, even if they do work sideways instead of up and down.

Having no particular objection to eating anything, and being possessed of a violent hatred of all other *Blattidæ* there is one service of which they are capable. But first let me tell a little story. There was once an English gentleman born Bugg, to whom his sponsors in baptism gave the Christian name of Bedford. (What they could have been thinking of I don't know.) When Bedford Bugg grew up he found the collocation a burden too grievous to be borne, and petitioned Parliament to change his name to Norfolk-Howard, which was done, thus outfitting the gentleman with the most distinguished cognomens of the realm while supplying a genteel epithet for certain creatures. Well, the one service of which the cockroach is capable is that he will destroy Norfolk-Howards lock, stock and barrel, and leave nothing whatsoever remaining of them. It is a great service, but considering that it means the establishment of the cockroach in the house, the price is cruel high.

For, once the cockroach has decided that he likes the place and makes up his mind to stay, it is no easy thing to exterminate him. It is well enough to sneer at the housekeeping that invites the presence of a single one of these creatures, but where there are water pipes up which they creep, and where the builder has thought it all out carefully and put in as many separate pieces of wood in the trim as he possibly can, so as to leave cracks for them to hide in, it is a battle with a foe with millions of years of inherited experience behind it. I would not for the world say a word against cockroach poisons. I believe them to be all that they are represented to be and more. I believe that if all the roaches could be persuaded to take a single dose, without doubt they would perish everlastingly. But that's just it. They won't. Fond as they are of flour paste, put but one smidgen of arsenic in that paste, and no roach will come near it. That is how the rebound volumes in the Treasury Department were preserved from further depreda-



tions. Also, there are many cases where human beings have been fatally poisoned by what was meant for the cockroaches. It is said, though, that chocolate and borax in equal parts, mixed and powdered finely in a mortar, while harmless to man, will kill the pests. They are extremely fond of chocolate, and their passion for it makes them take the borax, which is highly deleterious to their systems.

The ingenuity of man from the earliest ages has been directed to the construction of cockroach traps. Getting a roach into a place where there is something to eat is easy enough; getting him to stay there till you can come and kill him is another matter. Putting molasses on a piece of board afloat in a broad basin is said to be a great success. I doubt it, for it is my experience that a cockroach is hard to drown. He does not throw up his six hands at once and sink bubbling to the bottom. I suppose eventually he does drown, but I have never had the patience to wait and see. I have found that the least little kerosene on the water has the effect of instantly killing him.

Another trap is a glazed bowl half full of stale beer or ale—their pledge allows them to drink malt liquors—with a lot of sticks leaned up against it and projecting over the liquid. They drop in and drown themselves and, presumably, their sorrows in the flowing bowl. There are other traps, all depending on the fact that the roach cannot climb up glazed surfaces, boxes with glass rings around a hole in the top, and the like. But the trap is a niggling kind of warfare at best. It lacks breadth of scope and action. There is nothing whole-souled and generous about it. Then, too, it defeats its own ends in the long run, for the wise cockroaches that shake their heads and say, "Well, I don't know about that," are preserved and the heedless exterminated, so that the race tends to become warier and warier, and we bequeath to posterity yet unborn a household pest that no trap can allure, be it ever so tempting. The cockroach of to-day is plenty smart enough.

Destructive agencies that fall alike upon the wise and the unwise are quicklime and Persian powder blown into the cracks where they hide. It is a mistake to suppose that the Persian powder will kill. It is suffocating, for it gets into the little holes in their sides through which they breathe. They stay

in hiding after the powder is blown in on them as long as they can and then they rush forth nervously, apparently crying, "Mercy land! I can't stand this!" Well-directed blows with a felt slipper at such times do great execution. I often wonder that housewives do not appeal to the Anglo-Saxon passion for the chase in husbands and sons. There is much sport in a cockroach battue. Under the water pipes by the range and in the crevices of the stationary tubs are famous hunting grounds. If you have a taste for scientific experiments you may seal up the doors and windows with strips of paper smeared with molasses, and then sprinkle bisulphide of carbon about. It is a volatile liquid, whose vapor is destructive to all small life. It permeates the house with a vociferous fragrance, compared with which frying sauerkraut is a mere whisper. It is similar in character, though not so permanent as the perfume of the little animal with black-and-white stripes around its tail, which is not a vanilla plant, either. If all this does not deter you, I feel it my duty to give the further warning that if the vapor of bisulphide of carbon comes in contact with flame it goes bang! regardless of consequences. It is very impulsive, like gasoline.

The fumes of burning sulphur are just as efficacious as bisulphide of carbon, and not explosive at all but they blacken gilt things and impart a distinct flavor of blue-tipped matches to all and sundry contents of the room. Also the place needs airing for full twenty-four hours afterward unless you are fond of the exercise of coughing. Skip-pers of fishing smacks, not afraid of being thought finicky and over-nice, use the sulphur process a few days before beginning the season, and follow it up two weeks later to kill such roaches and Norfolk-Howards as may have hatched out since.

The Mexican remedy I particularly desire to bring to the attention of those who recognize the power of the mind over material ills. It is the simplest of all. Catch three cockroaches and put them into a bottle. Take the bottle to a cross-roads. Turn it upside down, and while the roaches are dropping out, repeat three *Credos* aloud. All the cockroaches in the house from which these three were taken will instantly pack their things and go, so it is said.

I don't believe it.



# TEN YEARS' TRIAL\*

## THE STORY OF A SOLDIER'S STRUGGLE

### By BRIG-GEN. CHARLES KING

#### SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Eric Langdon, Lieutenant of Artillery, U. S. A., in garrison on the Pawnee River, has married a shallow and extravagant wife. In the fourth year of their marriage Mrs. Langdon dies, leaving her husband swamped in debt. In his embittered state he at times seeks the solace of liquor. Lieut. Langdon has two good friends, brothers-in-arms, Ronald May and Major Melville. But he has also an insidious enemy, Captain Nathan, a purse-proud, cowardly snob, who rejoices in Langdon's every misfortune. Finally, when he has struck one of his brother officers for insulting Major Melville's niece, Captain Nathan has him arrested and court-martialed. The verdict is dishonorable dismissal, but before he leaves the garrison, Langdon upbraids Captain Nathan for the hatred he has shown and makes the prophecy, that in ten years' time their relative positions shall be reversed. Captain Nathan does not find his popularity in the post increased after Langdon's dismissal. Meanwhile Langdon is in Chicago, trying to secure a position on a railroad. He is weak with hunger and the sense of his disgrace is strong upon him. The superintendent of the railroad is about to engage Langdon. One of the directors is a friend of Captain Nathan and from him has learned much of the inside history of the post, including Langdon's dismissal. As soon as this director finds that the man seeking a job is Langdon, he tells him to get out of the office. Langdon goes away miserable. He is in an almost fainting condition as he wanders through the streets, when he is taken in charge by two soldiers in uniform, who recognize him. Langdon is taken by these soldiers to Fort Sheridan, just outside Chicago. At the fort is Nelson, a classmate and former chum of Langdon's, who has the sick man put to bed in his own room. Dr. Armistead, the assistant surgeon, is called. In him Langdon recognizes the man with whom his wife's name has been unfortunately linked during her career in Washington. Langdon falls into a frenzy of hate. Armistead retreats, requesting Nelson to send for Major Bloodgood, his senior. Later Major Bloodgood is astonished to learn that Dr. Armistead has left the fort without his permission. The clash that follows between Major Bloodgood and Dr. Armistead results in a newspaper sensation about Fort Sheridan. Through exaggerated stories in the papers, the garrison at Pawnee learn of Langdon's reception by Nelson. Captain Channing, persuaded by Major Melville, is seeking to secure a position for Langdon on the Missouri Valley R. R., of which Channing's brother is general manager. Channing is mystified by a telegram from Nelson, reading that Langdon has disappeared from Fort Sheridan, leaving no trace. Owing to a riotous railroad strike, Major Melville is sent to Brentwood, Mo. Captain Nathan is ordered to join him with reinforcements. Through Nathan's cowardice his men are stalled on the way. Manager Channing directs a train filled with state militia bound for Brentwood. Major Melville is overjoyed to find Eric Langdon to be Channing's right hand man. Together they put the first check on the strikers.

#### VII.

LATE that wintry night there steamed into Brentwood a train laden with three hundred state soldiery, who, in silent array, left the cars somewhere in the suburbs, thereby disappointing a big throng awaiting them at the station, marched rapidly under experienced guides to the armory of the local company, gave the mob guardians thereof the alternative of surrendering at once or being blown into flinders in less than five minutes, whereupon, as described in the local press, "there was a squealing and a scattering." Thence they bore the recaptured arms to the Big Horn round-house and dispatched an engine with a strong guard up the Seattle road to run back the exiles still "living on the country" forty miles away, and before long Melville had seven companies of militia ready to do anything under such cool-headed, accomplished leadership. The strikers for a time seemed bewildered by the coming of the troop train, and the return of certain weary stragglers of the band that set forth so boastfully the previous day—all with tales of treachery on the part of their fellows and tremendous odds on the part of the despised militia—"militia with regulars to officer them!"—and

there was ground for the statement, for Melville had hailed with keen, though repressed delight, the coming of the peppery little major, a veteran of the Civil War, and of Langdon, who, though in civilian dress, had been "spotted for a soldier" even before they got to Gunnison. Ball cartridges had been issued to Captain Linkenfelder's men as they stood in the depot at Missouri Junction awaiting the coming of a train bearing two companies from the south, and then came a funny thing. Linkenfelder could have shown them all about "loading in nine times," as they did in the war days, but this was a new company. He was an old officer and the manual, *minus* the loadings and firings, was all he had yet taught them of the new breech-loader when came the call to arms. Mr. Channing, impatiently pacing the platform and reading dispatch after dispatch, and occasionally dictating an answer to his new and silent secretary, presently saw that Langdon's attention was wandering, and looked at him inquiringly.

"Those men have never been taught to load and fire," said Langdon, "and their captain doesn't know how. There'll be trouble if they get into a snarl with rioters."

\*"Ten Years' Trial" began in AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE for December.

"Then for God's sake, *you* show them! Here, Captain Linkenfelder," he continued, impetuously, "my friend is a West Point officer. Let him help you there." Linkenfelder knew Channing well, as who along the line did not. He wiped his brow and tried to look pleased as he explained that they hadn't been drilling long. But in five minutes Langdon had the eight non-commissioned officers present in a squad, the rest of the company eagerly surrounding and looking on. In twenty minutes they had "got the hang" of the most important parts. In an hour, when the other train came sweeping in, he had the whole company in line practicing "fire by company," "fire by rank," "fire by file," and never in a dozen drills had the "Junction Light Guard" learned as much as they had that day. "That fellow's a dandy drill master," was the verdict, and the fame of the exploit and the praise of this unknown soldier had gone through the train before ever it reached the bridge. Next morning when Company "G" was told off for a possibly hazardous piece of duty, and its captain was found to be still in arrest and "sulking in his tent," a committee went to the peppery little major with the gray mustache and blinking eyes, not, as might have been expected, to ask "cap's release," but to say that "the boys wanted a man who was way up in the biz, if there was any fighting to be done, and couldn't that West Point fellow take command?" "Will you do it?" asked the little major of Langdon. "Will you do it?" echoed Channing, and away went Eric across a maze of tracks, seventy strapping young fellows striding confidently after him, rejoicing in the ring and power of his word of command. An hour later they stood confronting a furious mob ten times their number, hurling bricks and Billingsgate and foul abuse. At the point of the bayonet they had cleared the Big Horn shops of strikers, driven them into the open yards and the street beyond, and opened a passage for a train of cattle cars.

But by this time, noting that most of Melville's forces were afar up the tracks rescuing cattle trains, from every direction tramps, toughs and the desperadoes among the strikers dropped the devilment they happened to be engaged in and came howling to reinforce the expelled gang. Only twenty yards away, just outside, and along the picket fence they crowded, clamoring, cursing, brandishing weapons and hurling missiles, but these latter, having to be hurled high,

generally fell short. Many among Langdon's new command were lads whose "nerve" would long since have fled but for their leader's placid unconcern. He had backed them, as it were, up against the brown wooden walls of the freight house, and then stood coolly forth ten feet in front of them, facing the raging throng without, sometimes quietly smiling as though he enjoyed the situation, sometimes slowly pacing up and down. At last as the clamor increased it became evident that the mob was bent on a dash at the office building to their right, standing alone opposite the great wooden gates—gates which gave directly on the buildings containing the most valuable local properties of the Big Horn road, excepting, possibly, the locomotives in the round-house. It was a moment of tense excitement. No man in the little band of defenders could estimate the extent of damage that would unquestionably result if that maddened throng broke through. It seemed as though by this time all the devilment of the disaffected was concentrated here at one spot, for the mob was vastly increased in size, and the jeers, howls and curses were now continuous. Small wonder that many a young state "guardsman" in the little command felt a nervous thrill as he gazed at the host of semi-savage faces peering in between the brown slats and listened to the hideous threats of the leaders. "We'll have your heart's blood, you liveried dogs! We'll larn you tin soldiers a lesson! Burn down the fence! Kill the murdering hounds! Cut their throats!" were expurgated samples of the yells. But still the company stood at ordered arms and "at ease," for Langdon continued his cool promenade along the front, calmly eyeing the howling mob, keeping wary watch upon the fence and gate, but ever and anon glancing up the yards in search of support or reinforcement, for, to all outward appearance the coolest, most unconcerned person on the ground, his heart was filled with grave anxiety. His was by long odds the most critical position of any man, soldier or civilian, that day in all Nebraska.

For now that he had time to face the facts and consider the position in all its bearings, he realized that he had no authority whatever in law or fact to enable him to discharge the grave duties of his position. Not so much as a commission in the state troops, not even a warrant as a deputy sheriff. If the mob charged and, to defend the lives of these men, he was compelled to

order them to fire, an indictment for murder would doubtless lie at his door. It is one thing to do a man's whole duty with the law behind him; it is another to stand and face a thousand voters and realize that every drop of blood that might be shed on either side would, in the event of success or failure, be charged up to him. And still he never seemed disturbed.

But Langdon's heart beat quick when, just as it seemed probable that, neck or nothing, he should have to face the situation and fight, he caught sight of Channing with the sheriff and a brace of deputies coming toward him on the run. The crowd having concentrated here, it was possible for the officials now to leave other threatened points. He strolled, as it were, with almost exaggerated quiet, to the right flank of his men to meet them. The mob redoubled its screams of defiance.

"Major Melville wants to know how you're getting along," panted Channing, as he hastened up, red-faced, anxious, but plucky.

"Well, you see for yourself," said Eric, with a nod of his head toward the fence. "Those fellows mean to burst through in a minute or two."

"Can't you scare 'em? Fire a volley over their heads?" puffed the sheriff, eager and willing, but utterly inexperienced.

"That's murder," was the cool reply. "A mob gains ten-fold in daring and devilment when it sees you're afraid to fire anything but blanks. You'll simply have to kill fifty then where five would have sufficed in the first place. No, sir. Ball cartridges or nothing. And here's another point. I'm not an officer either of the troops or of the law." And now Eric had to raise his voice above the outer clamor. "I can give the necessary commands and at the proper instant, and I can drive those howlers back in one volley if they attempt to force the gates, but *you*, Mr. Sheriff, must stand by my side and assume responsibility, otherwise a week from now you'll be around with a warrant for my arrest."

"My God! I can't!" said the civil official, wiping the sweat from his brow, despite the cold wind from the westward prairie. He gazed almost fearfully along that surging fence line. It resembled by this time nothing so much as one continuous cage of snarling, roaring beasts. It was plain the poor fellow was losing his nerve. "Me and my family couldn't live in this community another week. Can't you say something to them, Mr. Channing?" Like many another civil

official, the sheriff was realizing that it was quite one thing to tackle a lot of tramps friendless and desperate as they were down at Bridge Siding; it was quite another to think of letting drive a deadly volley into the breasts of a mob that might contain friends and fellow citizens, and that would be sure to turn to in retaliation, and possibly murder his own beloved ones. Small wonder the sheriff hesitated!

"Too late to talk," shouted Channing, impatiently. "Besides, there isn't one sane railroad man in twenty in that lot. They're toughs from every town along the Big Muddy, and, by God! they'll sack these yards before the regulars can get here, unless you can stop it, Langdon. That infernal Seattle train ought to have been in long ago, but it may get here inside of an hour, and their general manager's just behind 'em on a special. What can you do?" And Channing set his stern jaw and glared at the crowd, fight, almost fury, in his blazing eyes, then turned back to Langdon. Before the latter could answer there came a scream from the sheriff.

"Look! Sledge-hammers, by God!" he cried, pointing to the gate, already shaken by the furious heaving of the throng.

"Then there's only one thing to do," answered Langdon, his face very pale, but his eyes aflame. "Out of the way, please, Mr. Sheriff. And thus dismissing and disposing of that now useless functionary, he stepped quickly back to the front of his men. Even in that supreme moment he was counting the chances of every move. He had faced rioters before, and knew how vital it was that every movement of the troops should be machine-like and precise.

"Listen to me carefully, now, men," he spoke in his clear, animated tone, every word cutting through the clamor so as to be distinctly heard by these, his young soldiers standing grave-faced, and some of them, it was evident, quivering before him, while, on the other hand, at his back and beyond the fence the uproar among the rioters made his voice inaudible. "I shall face you to the right, march opposite the gate, then face you to the front again. Now, watch me well. I shall go to the gates, say a few words to those fellows, then step back and order you to load, and that means load with cartridges. Obey coolly. Take your time. But keep your hammers down at half cock, and *don't let a finger touch the trigger!* Quietly now," he added. Then, according to the tactics of the day, Langdon gave the order to carry arms; paused to see it thor-

oughly understood, then "Right Face," which was done to a man without a flaw; then "Forward March!" at which, to the accompaniment of redoubled yells and some few half bricks that came hurtling over the fence, but fell short, the company moved off. "Short step in front," he warned the guide, so that his men should not become spread out, or, like novices, trip over one another's heels. And so, in very commendable order and in another moment, he had his men opposite the point of danger; then rang out the order, "Company halt!" faced them to the front once more, and there they stood at carried arms, silent, awed, but utterly subordinate, and, despite the fury of abuse and denunciation which greeted their move, looking straight into the faces of the raging mob, but with both ears attent and one eye on their cool-headed commander. He smiled at them a moment. "Why, you fellows are steady enough for veterans," he said. And with his own heart thumping fast, he placidly turned again, and with one calm glance at the surging scene before him, and purposely leaving his men at the carry, he walked quietly forward, Channing and the sheriff away to the rear, looking breathlessly on.

Barely sixty feet interposed between his men and the mob, as, all alone, he sauntered down to the gates. In spite of themselves, the cursing ringleaders, the brawny yielders of sledge and crow, dropped blasphemy and bars to listen. They saw he had something to say and curiosity prevailed. That white-faced, gray-eyed "cuss" had nerve and grit certainly, and seemed profoundly unmoved by their uproar. What they heard was not to their liking, but hear it they had to, for he lifted up his voice so that it reached some hundred ears, and yet his words were as calm, deliberate, passionless as he himself might prove merciless. He spoke as though it were a matter of utter indifference to him whether they burst through and "got it" or stayed without and were spared.

"You seem bent on breaking in," the clear tones rang out over the murmur and mutter close at hand—the tumult at the distance. "Now, understand. If these gates fly open, the instant you attempt to enter you get a volley in the face!"

Then slowly, calmly, placidly as before, he turned about, walked back half way, only ten steps or so, and there, first glancing along his waiting line to insure their readiness and close attention, in clear, sharp, commanding tone, with a distinct pause af-

ter every word so that even the mob could hear, gave the order:

"With-ball-cartridges—Load!"

Ten seconds more and the silent seventy stood in the position preliminary to ready, the brown barrels sloping to the front, the muzzles chin high, every eye fixed upon the gate in stern, calm determination, the ranks inspired by the soldier commander's intrepid and resolute bearing; seventy men in uniform obeying to the letter the will of that one soldier in civilian dress, and then, once more in front of the centre, Langdon calmly faced the hard-breathing, half-paralyzed mob without, and dropped on his right knee. The act spoke for itself. From that position, instead of in rear of the line, he meant to give the word, and the death-dealing volley would flash into their faces—over his head.

## VIII.

That was a memorable day in railway circles all over the West, but especially so in Nebraska. What made it more remarkable was that, with the going down of the sun, the Big Horn road was practically in running order again, while the Seattle, its powerful rival of the past, was still blockaded. Travelling as they did for twenty miles the same territory, the lines divided only by the narrow gorge of the Red Water, it was strange to mark the bustle and life along the north bank—the lights, head and tail, of passenger, freight and cattle trains hurrying away eastward, and by contrast to note the silence on the hither shore. All day long the "booming" Western city, the railway centre of the populous section, had been thronged with people over and above its post-office list; first, the farmers and villagers from all over the county; second, the tramps and toughs and vagrants from all over creation. These latter, having joined forces with the strikers early in the game, had speedily, as has been seen, taken the bit in their teeth, the game into their own hands, and the destruction of trains by fire and flame, and the wholesale robbery of freight cars was their doing, not that of the disaffected railwaymen, who, all too late, wished themselves rid of their desperado allies. But, all over the neighborhood now, among the saloons that bordered the yards, the cheap taverns and lodging houses—all through the crowds of sullen, disheartened men skulking about the street corners, undecided whether to give up and go back to duty, or launch out on some new enterprise at the expense of

the road, the story had gone far and wide how that fellow in the derby hat and plain clothes had taken command of a company of "melishy," "tin soldiers, by gawd! nothing better," and had so coolly handled them, and in so cold-blooded a way had loaded up with solid lead, and given the gang to understand that he'd let daylight through their hides if they stirred a foot through the company's gates, that the mob that went there bent on destruction, determined to burn and loot the offices and warehouses, slunk away completely cowed. "That feller's boss of the Big Horn yards this day, boys, and we ain't in it," was the way the leader of the strikers expressed it, and there was no sane man who cared to put it to the test.

Ascribe it to whatever cause we may, it was a petrified fact that from the instant Eric Langdon stepped out at the head of that company the Big Horn's property was safe. The few willing workers left to the management took hold with a vim. An experimental train, guarded by militiamen from other companies, was started down the Red Water. A construction train followed with soldier boys manning both brakes and shovels. Channing, the hustling manager, tumbled clerks, book-keepers, switchmen and carsmiths into engine cabs, wired for others to meet them at Gunnison, and actually had his trains moving at the very moment when the Seattle sheds were going up in flame, and the great general manager of that great corporation, with curses in his heart, and his hands in his pockets, stood scowling on the scene of ruin through which the belated regulars were driving the last vestiges of the mob, and Mr. Barclay, the general manager aforementioned, was both thinking and saying unwholesome things of the regulars' commander, at whose hospitable board he had been wining and dining but a month or so ago, the too deliberate Captain Nathan.

What Melville would have said to that crest-fallen officer when at last about noon his train and command arrived, cannot well be conjectured, but that the long delay was of serious import there can be no doubt, for Captain Nathan's explanation in writing was demanded and forwarded a day or two later, and both the unique explanation and old "Gray Fox's"\* telling reply was speedily the talk of the Department of the Platte. Nathan said that it was true he might have earlier reached the Red Water valley, but

he conceived that his first duty was to protect the lives of his devoted men and prevent the possibility of an ambushade or pit-fall. To this end every dangerous bridge was examined, certain deep cuts were explored, etc., before he deemed it safe to proceed. He admitted long delay at the Junction, but declared it necessary because of the alarming reports brought him by "reliable railway officials" to the effect that the tracks were undermined, the trestles "sawed," and every mile of the Seattle from the Junction to Brentwood a thread of mines and man-traps. It was true, he said, that the train bearing some militia companies had passed him at Gunnison and gone forward by the Big Horn road, but the way was cleared for them by the sheriff and other officials, whereas, on the south bank no friends were to be hoped for.

And so it had resulted, to the unspeakable disgust of the few officers with Nathan's command, that the untried militia, under fearless and energetic leadership, had forced their way, despite mobs and obstructions, to the seat of action and rescued the property of the Big Horn road, while the regulars, hampered by their timorous head, were held back for hours in front of purely imaginary obstacles, and only reached the yards at Brentwood in time to find the buildings a mass of flame. Even that calamity might not have happened, but that at eleven in the forenoon Major Melville, learning that the mob was drifting away from the Big Horn and gathering in threatening force about the Seattle yards down on the south side, had hurried in from the suburbs whither he had gone to station the recently rusticated battalion, and while standing on the platform of the freight house, calm and unmoved in the presence of a jeering, howling pack of tatterdemalions, and writing an order summoning certain companies to the spot, was suddenly struck in the head by a coupling pin hurled by a vigorous and vengeful hand, and felled to the ground, stunned and senseless.

That was a sore blow to the Seattle. It left the situation on the south side in the hands of the rioters for over an hour. Word was sent to little Major McConville, but he with his men was moving and guarding cattle trains. The best he could do was send a company on the run, but their captain had had no experience. The sheriff vainly tried to tell them how Langdon had handled things over at the Big Horn. He would take no responsibility. They dare not, and the mob

\* The name of "Gray Fox" was given by the Indians to the famous frontier soldier at that time commanding the Department of the Platte.



saw it in a twinkling. The only wonder is they did not dash upon this isolated command and by sheer force of numbers bear it down and seize its arms. When at last the Nathan train steamed in and the command tumbled off at the suburbs, it was the younger officers who led the detachments—Nathan retaining forty of his men ostensibly to guard the train; but it was his own precious hide of which he was thinking. He decided to establish his headquarters in his own car, while Torrence, with thirty sturdy battery-men on one flank, and Woodrow, with a like number on the other, shoved ahead, and, guided by deputy sheriffs and railway officials, did their belated work in short order, and yet in deep chagrin. Santley, sullen and disgusted, was retained with Nathan as adjutant, but he could only obey. The news of Melville's prostration reached them five miles out from town, and completed Nathan's demoralization, even while it threw him in supreme command. The first thing he did, therefore, was to send back a messenger to Gunnison, trundled all the way on a handcar, to wire from there to Omaha and Pawnee the grievous tidings that Major Melville had been stricken down by rioters and lay insensible in charge of the physicians. Nathan thought the situation demanded reinforcement at once. So did old Gray Fox commanding at Omaha, and the latter ordered thither just one man, a captain of infantry senior in rank to Nathan. What they needed was a cool head, said he, not cold feet, and lest the uninitiated should misinterpret the phrase, let it be explained here and now that "cold feet" is soldier synonym for "scare."

Things were indeed in grievous shape when the vice-presidential car rolled into the Seattle yards and ranged up alongside that of Captain Nathan. By that time, thanks to Santley, sentinels had been thrown about the sacred precincts, and, seeing no rioters in the immediate neighborhood, "Sheeny" had measurably recovered his nerve. He hoped to make a favorable impression on his wife's plutocratic uncle, but Mr. Barclay sniffed the fumes of smouldering thousands, and the sight of half a mile of smoking ruins up the track soured him utterly. All this could have been prevented had Nathan shown any dash, pluck, energy—any of the qualities railway men admire and so many possess. And then to think that even now the Big Horn was open! He had seen Channing's first train whistling down the opposite side of the gorge. He learned from his satellites, boarding the car to the

east of town, of the almost miraculous rescue of the Big Horn's buildings. A tremendous story it made by that time, and the heart of the magnate was sore in his bosom that such ill should have befallen the Seattle—such good fortune the Missouri Valley. He hated Channing, anyhow. Channing was sprung from the ranks, had worked his way up, step by step from section boss to superintendent in one road after another. He had been assistant general superintendent of the Seattle only a few years back, and when the vacancy occurred that should have been tendered to so energetic and valuable a man it was Barclay who opposed it. "Channing's all right for an assistant or subordinate," said he, "but he hasn't the education or the social position a superintendent should have." So a man with Barclay's requirements got the promotion over Channing's head, whereat the latter instantly resigned, went over to the Northern Pacific for a short term, and then it was the Big Horn that tendered him the superintendency, and within another year made him general manager.

"If the president and board of directors will look after the finances," said he, "I'll run the road." And run it he had, and marvelously well, to the secret dismay of the Seattle. And now at the first serious clash he had straightened things out for his own road, while the strikers were smashing things for the Seattle, and Barclay could have damned the day he let him go.

But that wasn't all.

It took hours to gather his forces and count the costs. Then he could have sworn that Melville had so ordered the distribution of troops as purposely to expose the Seattle's yards, whereas Melville had sent more troops to the south side than he had retained on the north—little McConville, with four companies, having been detailed to cover the Seattle's lines, and Mac had saved their stock trains, though he couldn't be everywhere at once, and so protect their sheds and shops. Barclay had only succeeded in getting his division superintendents, with improvised crews, at work, and his cattle off their cars and into the corrals when night-fall came. He had found only a meagre half dozen laborers for the necessary work, Channing having earlier gathered in every willing hand the town afforded, and, when the morning of the morrow dawned, the Big Horn shop whistle sounded as of yore, and its east-bound train set forth on time, while there was still only silence and smouldering ruin throughout the yards of the Seattle.



Late that afternoon, weary, hollow-eyed, unshaved, but feeling hopeful and wellnigh content with his work, Eric Langdon was making the rounds of the Big Horn yards, visiting the sentries whom he had posted. With the full consent and co-operation of the little major, and at the earnest request of Channing, he had assumed the duties of "military adviser," had personally coached three or four companies beside his now devoted followers of Company "G," and was recognized as a sort of field officer of the day, respected and looked up to by the entire command. McConville, differing with Nathan as to the management of affairs, had withdrawn from the south side during the early hours of the night, and was quartered in an old passenger car at the Big Horn yards. Captain Damrell, the "doughboy" right bower of old Gray Fox, had reached town at midnight and supervised, if he did not actually supersede, Nathan. Channing, wearied but triumphant, was still at his post at the passenger station and in full telegraphic communication with his entire line, and with the president and board of directors. He was hungry and eager for dinner, but a "special" was coming, full tilt from Gunnison Junction, and he could not go. The Missouri Pacific had rushed Mrs. Melville over its line post-haste to Omaha as the result of alarming dispatches concerning the major's condition, and, with one of Gray Fox's staff officers as escort, she had spent the morning speeding up the line of the Missouri Valley, and was expected every minute. Langdon had been duly informed of the injury inflicted on his honored chief and friend, but it was a time when his presence and services were sorely needed at the yards, and he had to be content with the tidings that Melville had been borne to the Brentwood House, given the best room and attention, and was resting easily. Now, he was planning for a nap of perhaps an hour, for the mob was scattered in silent, sullen groups all over town, and so planning he came back toward the station, and was surprised to see two carriages in waiting, and Channing, with numbers of his subordinates on the platform. He was still more surprised when, with a volume of steam rushing from the 'scape valve, a powerful locomotive

came ringing in from the east, two or three cars in its noisy wake, and belated soldiers, newspaper correspondents and railway men sprang to the platform, while Channing stepped forward to greet another party, followed by a little swarm of curious spectators. A moment later as Langdon reached the steps, he saw Channing with a lady on his arm, elbowing a way through the circle. He saw the top of a little hat, a lady's hat, following in their lead and his heart gave a sudden leap. The next instant he, too, broke through the fringe of townsfolk, and, lifting his hat with his left hand, quietly possessed himself of a stylish traveling bag with the other.

"Why—Mr. Langdon!" was the astonished cry of the damsel thus greeted, and though further words she spoke not for the moment, the light that flashed in Ethel Graham's eyes, the color that sprang up in her cheeks told the intruder that it was a more than welcome meeting.

"Oh! You'd known 'em both before!" said Channing, as the carriage whirled away. "Why, cert'nly! Hullo, if here isn't Barclay! Now, what the devil do you 'spose he wants? I want you to come to the Brentwood and dine with me, Mr. Langdon—soon as I get rid of these people."

They drove straight to the platform and unloaded. First, Barclay, groomed scrupulously and dressed as usual, but pale and haggard; then two of his superintendents, both well known to Channing in earlier days. Forward they came until within close hailing distance, and then, with a jaunty, half patronizing, half envious tone, the magnate of the Seattle accosted his rival from the ranks, and the throng closed in about them.

"Well, Channing, luck's been with you again, hasn't it? What'll you take for your rabbit's paw?"

"Luck!" laughed Channing, triumph in his twinkling eyes. "'Twasn't luck, but pluck, and here's our rabbit's paw. Mr. Barclay, shake hands with Captain Langdon."

"This? Why——" was all Barclay could find to say, as he looked and saw and turned a saffron red.

"Yes," said Langdon, placidly, as he shifted both his hands behind him. "I have met the—manager before."

(To be continued.)



The Block House at the End of the Pier, Jolo Harbor.

## SULU AND THE SULTAN

*An Eye-Witness Describes the Making of the Treaty by Which the United States Takes a Sultan Under the Flag*

BY OSCAR KING DAVIS

I first saw the island of Jolo on a hot August morning. The surface of the water was unbroken by the faintest ripple. It had the shimmer of changeable silk, heliotrope and tan, in the distance, and close up looked as if some huge oil tank had emptied its contents into the Sulu Sea. The air was heavy with the haze of stifling heat when no breeze gives it motion. Of an instant there appeared over the bow of the ship, swinging low down to the sea, a green hill, bare of trees except just at the top where stood a little cluster of frowsy-headed cocoanuts. The green slopes ran gently down into the mist banks that hid the rest of the island, and for an hour or more all we saw of Jolo was this hilltop floating in a basin of liquid fire opal. The sea was without motion. So was the ship. Every passenger had had his turn at quoting:

"There ain't a wave for miles an' miles,  
Except the jiggle of the screw."

On the right, as we went along in this ghost-like fashion over a fairy ocean, other little patches of green began to swing into view, and here and there, where the coral formation was so low-lying as to be hidden entirely by the mirage, only the fantastic cocoanuts wagged their scrawny branches drunkenly. At six degrees north latitude it is hot in August. The sun beat vertically on the double awning. We lay in the long cane chairs, too hot to smoke, too indolent to talk, too sleepy to read, too idle to think, and lazily watched the islands of the Sultan whose name is too long to learn, leap out of their invisible beyond, swing in the heat-haze awhile, and slowly settle back to earth.

After tiffin the island of Jolo had come down to earth, and as the ship drew near we stood along the rail and took stock of the land of the Moros. A man from Oregon told of some hills in the web-foot state so much like these that photographs of Jolo

would fool a man born in Oregon. Each other man had a favorite place to which to liken Moroland, but if you really want to know just what it does look like, take a trip up in the valley of the Mohawk in the State of New York, and there you will see just such upstanding hills and fine fields, just such rolling country, and but for the cocoanuts and bananas and palms, foliage that is very similar. The broad, treeless slopes of the hills were covered with tall, waving grass. Almost one could hear the breeze rustle over the fields and whisper through the little groves. Somehow, the softly stirring air, that hardly yet could be dignified with the name of breeze, had something of freshness and life in it, as if from sympathy with the fields and groves of Home these hills and dales suggested.

Around a point that had been standing out in our course, and there was the Star Spangled Banner floating over Jolo. Under and beyond the bright flag we saw a thick cluster of deep green trees, with here and there a house top. Anchored in the little horse-shoe, that does duty as a harbor, were two or three transport and merchant ships, and the *Charleston*, of unhappy memory, and the *Castine*. Our ship came in close by them and anchored. The breeze that was freshening was ruffling the little bay. The flags snapped out straight. The afternoon sun had the heavens to himself unvexed by a cloud. Soldiers in native boats were paddling about and soon alongside the newcomer to find out her business. Vendors of fruits and Moro curiosities followed. Steam launches from the warships came, and it was as if we had been in Jolo for weeks.

From the sea the town is almost wholly concealed by its trees. A stone pier runs straight out from the main street, and half way out on it is a guard-house, relic of the Spanish difficulty in handling the Moros. There was a time not so long ago when Jolo was a pest-hole. It was the most unhealthy station in the Spanish dominions, and so when the government desired to get rid of the offen-

sive Colonel Arolas it shipped him to Jolo to take some one or two of the numerous illnesses there prevalent and die. But Arolas declined to do so. Instead, he used his men and the prisoners he had to clean up the place and beautify it and make it wholesome and decent, and now it is one of the most healthful spots in the islands we took from Spain. The streets are broad and fine and well kept. There are no wheeled vehicles in the islands, and so no paving is required. Rows of fine great trees line the sides of the streets, keeping them shady all the day. The buildings are for the most part good and substantial, built in the style used all over these islands, high two-story affairs occupied for dwellings only aloft, with sliding windows that occupy the whole side of the house, and can be thrown completely open to any breeze. Also Arolas built a wall to keep the Moros out. It was of stone, not more than six or seven feet high, and not very broad. An agile man could go over it very easily, but the top was craftily filled



The Sultan's Palace.

Americans approaching to attend the conference at which the agreement was negotiated.

with broken glass, so that the desperate fellows bent on killing Christian dogs should get their hands cut in getting at them. Outside the main gate, which is opposite the pier on the sea side of the town, Arolas built a little shanty dignified by the name of blockhouse. There he stationed a guard whose business it was to see that any Moros

who happened to approach put down their arms and came on defenseless, as well as powerless for harm. Further out in the country, Arolas built a reservoir and little pumping station, which, with a pipe into the town, constitute the water-works of Jolo. There he stationed a company of men, who were relieved from time to time by another company. It required a company to escort supplies out to the water-works guard, and the members of the guard looked to it that their heads were never exposed. Spaniards and Moros were not friends.

Now all that is different. Arolas made the Moros keep their distance, and took good care to keep his. Right at the start we began to go among them with the natural confidence of Americans anywhere, and the result is that the old guard-house outside the wall is now used by the Moros as a market, where they bring in great quantities the deadly weapons of which the Spaniards were so afraid, and drive sharp bargains with American hunters of curios. But we have to thank Arolas for one great lesson he taught the Moros. It used to be the case that when a Moro grew tired of living he shaved off his eyebrows, painted his face white, and took oath before some priest to die killing Christians. Usually he kept or tried to keep his promise, and it was unpleasant for the Christians, as well as derogatory to the public good. Occasionally when some husky Moro had turned *juramentado*, as they called it, the Sultan would send warning to his friend-whom-he-loved-as-a-brother, Col. Arolas, that one of his subjects had done this foolish thing, and was beyond his control, it being therefore advisable for the Christians to look out. This happened too often to suit Arolas, and he took a hand at it, sending word to the Sultan that about two hundred of his followers had escaped from his control with a great many rifles and some cannon, and were vowing to deal death to some Moros, whom he advised to beware, as he was unable to restrain the enthusiasm of these men in their madness. The Moros undertook to heed the warning, but it was all the worse for them, and the business of juramentadoism suffered a legitimate decline.

The most amazing thing about a Moro is his trousers. If he is of any station, or has any money, they are made of silk, and the more colors and the brighter they are, the better. I have seen red, green, yellow, white and black all in one pair. And the greens and reds are no soft, subdued affairs;

they are the most violent and vehement things in the color line. It is the fit of them that is the wonder, though. If they were of the right shade of brown, you couldn't tell that there were any trousers. Nothing so tight ever was contrived by any sartorial artist who uses the English language. But for one thing the conclusion would be irresistible that they are made on the wearers, and worn off; that is, that sometimes they are changed. Gen. Bates once waited about two hours for a Dato, with whom he had some business, to change his trousers, and those two hours were filled with language and strange sounds from within the house of the Dato. But at the end of them there was the demonstration that the trousers could be changed, although the mystery of their construction was increased.

Moro women wear trousers, also, but they go to the other extreme. Each trouser leg is big enough to make sacks for four hundred pounds of bran. Each woman dyes the flimsy silk of which she makes her trousers to suit herself. I saw some that were of seven or eight colors, the different dyes running in uneven streaks around the leg. The women wear very tight waists, but the men usually leave their jackets unbuttoned, displaying their brawny chests. If a man is a howling swell, his jacket is embroidered all over with prayers and other remarks in the Moro tongue. Sometimes the women twist a bolt or two of gauzy gaudy stuff into a big loop and throw it over one shoulder. If the woman is young enough, that is all she wears.

When we got ashore that afternoon we found a great conclave in full blast. Gen. Bates had been waiting for some time to see the Sultan in order to come to a new agreement which should replace the one under which the Spaniards had worked with the Moros. The Sultan was not anxious about it. He was comfortable in Maibun, his capital, on the south side of the island, and disliked to exert himself enough to ride over the hills to Jolo. Perhaps the fact that Jokanine and Kalvi, the two Datos of the island, had announced their intention to exterminate him on sight influenced his decision. Jokanine is a fighting man, and very powerful as Moros go. At last, however, the Sultan had sent his younger brother and his secretary over to see the general and talk over the new agreement. They came astride their little ponies, in their flaming-silk, skin-tight trousers, with half a hundred followers carrying big silver boxes of betel nuts, and

guns wrapped in gunny sacking. Every man had a huge knife stuck in his sash.

They all trooped into one small room, where the general and his officers sat, and the conference began. Once in a while one of the chiefs would want a chew of betel nut. Out would come one of the big boxes from its wrappings in the sash of one of the followers, and there would be displayed an outfit of nut, green leaves, and two or three kinds of colored paste, a dose of which was about the size of a tennis ball. After the talk had been going on for some time some of the retainers got tired of it and wandered out in the village. Of course, being followers of such distinguished chiefs, they were

ries a knife of some sort. Usually it is a barong, sometimes a kris. Barongs are shaped like the blades of the old-fashioned rocker skates, and are big and little. For business they are a foot and a half long, and very heavy, with a razor edge. A kris may be wavy all the foot or two of blade, or only at either end. Some of them are very finely worked, inlaid with silver in fantastic designs, and with carved ivory or wood handles. In the market at Jolo these arms are worth whatever the Moro thinks the buyer will pay. One fine kris was offered to me for twenty-five, thirty, seventeen, eighteen and twenty Mexican dollars. It had been offered repeatedly to one of the officers for



Main Gate in the Jolo Wall.

permitted to carry their arms unmolested, although the rule is that no armed Moros shall be admitted inside the walled town. It happened that somebody stole a knife from the room of one of the American officers by the simple process of reaching through the open window and taking it from the wall where it hung. One of the American guards undertook to arrest a Moro whom he suspected of being the thief. The other Moros began calmly to get out their knives and unsack their guns, and it looked for a minute as if there would be no need of further conference. But it was all smoothed over quickly with a little diplomacy, and the next morning the knife was returned.

Every male Moro, big enough to walk, car-

ten dollars, but that was before our steamer came along. Prices always go leaping skyward on steamer days, but that does not argue that the people are of Japanese descent. The half dozen Punjaubi guards of the Sultan are armed with rifles, more or less ancient, and some of the followers of the two Datos also carry such weapons. There are perhaps a hundred guns in the island, and each one is worth twice its weight in silver. If a knife has killed a man its value is greatly increased, more than quadrupled.

Gen. Bates' Saturday afternoon conference with the Sultan's brother did not finish up the general's business with the Moro chief, and so he decided to go around to

Maibun and conclude matters with the Sultan himself. The cruiser *Charleston* took the party on board early Monday morning and went around to the Sultan's capital. Because he is an orator and very friendly to the Americans, Dato Kalvi was of the party. With him were a score or more of gaudily-dressed men-at-arms, huge barongs and krisses sticking out of their sashes, and rusty old rifles done up in gunnybagging over their shoulders. Besides Gen. Bates' staff, there were half a dozen officers from Manila, and four American ladies. Kalvi's men were stoical as any red Indians, and not in the least astonished at anything they saw on the cruiser except the exhibition of purely physical power when the steam cutter was hoisted up on the davits, and again when it was lowered away at Maibun. They crowded about under the davits to see that done, and talked more about it than about all the other marvelous things they saw. When the Colt automatic gun was turned loose for their benefit and began dropping four hundred bullets a minute out on the water, they looked on in indifferent silence. They hardly had curiosity enough to look at the eight inch guns.

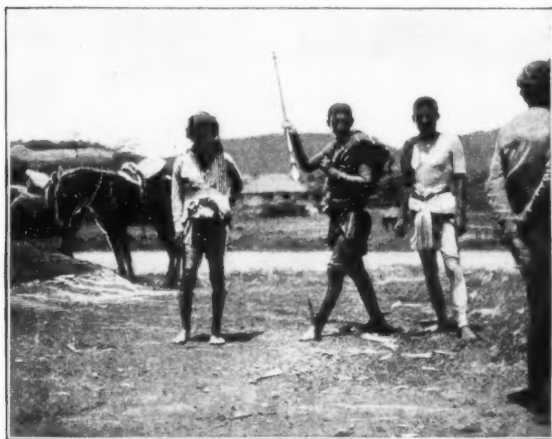
Maibun is not an architectural amazement, as the capital of a Sultan might be im-

the water's edge the Sultan's flag was flying as we went in, and down on the ground near it was an iron contrivance which served the purpose of a cannon and fired a few rounds as a salute, which the *Charleston* somehow forgot to return. We landed in the steam cutter, and a flatboat, there being too little water for the cutter to go clear in shore. It took several trips to get the whole party landed, and there was a wait in the village. Those who came first were taken at once to the house of the Sultan's mother, where there was an elaborate spread of chocolate thick as mud, and cakes, with a queer, puckery red wine. The Sultan's secretary had come aboard the *Charleston* to welcome the general as soon as she anchored, and he had brought his little son with him. The secretary is a person of great dignity and considerable influence. He wears European clothes and patent leathers, but compromises with the faithful by wearing as an apron a big Murray plaid. The little son was a great attraction among the sailormen on the cruiser, and they showed him around so enthusiastically that he missed the boat in which his father went ashore. When the secretary landed and found that the boy was not there he exhibited more excitement than all the other Moros combined had shown

at everything they had seen that day. As boat after boat came, and the little chap did not appear it began to look as if the secretary suspected a great stratagem on the part of the wily Americans. But at last the boy came, full of what he had seen, and the much relieved secretary sent him off home post-haste to tell his mother all about it.

When the general and his staff were all ashore there was an "audience" with the Sultanese. She is a little old lady, with a very soft voice, and a mastery of the art of making soft speeches. The audience was in a

small, dark room crowded with the Americans and a lot of Datos and other influential Moros. The middle of the room was occupied by the big table on which all the good things to eat and drink were set out. At one end a bench ran across the room,



The Arms Market in Jolo. Native Testing a Spear.

aged. There are perhaps a hundred and fifty nipa palm huts scattered along a muddy little creek that runs into the sea over a muddy beach. The houses stand well up on bamboo poles, and the water front is a stinking mud flat. Over one of the huts near

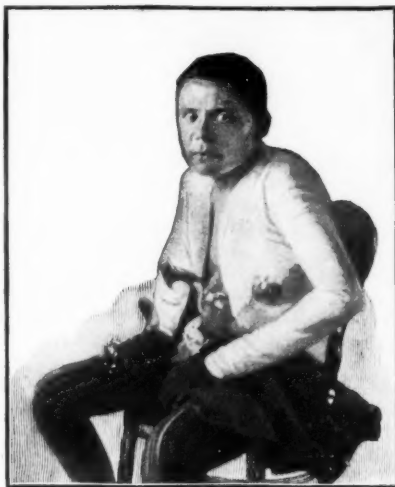


At the other a big square window apparently opened into a harem. It was curtained off, but the curtain had a curious trick of flying back and exhibiting half a dozen curious heads, which instantly disappeared with a great lot of distinctly feminine giggling. About the street door gathered a throng of Moros curious to see the white Americans. Also they had collections of knives, spears, shields and such things which they were anxious to sell. The Sultanese presently appeared through a door opposite the street door, and made her way to the bench at the end of the room and sat down. Through a window behind her there crawled three ladies-in-waiting, chewing large cuds of betel nut and salivating out of the window. The Sultanese is a nice little old lady. She wore white gloves to keep her hands unspotted when she crossed palms with the Christian dogs. Also she wore a dress, two or three of them, it seemed to me, but the American ladies described it afterward with such ease and particularity that it must have been quite in the style. Both she and her ladies-in-waiting departed from the custom of the people, and wore skirts instead of trousers. Also the Sultanese wore slippers and white clocked stockings.

The conference with the general consisted almost wholly of expressions of hope on each side that the other would give the Sultan some very good advice, which the poor chap seemed to need very badly. Both sides also expressed their gladness that peace and goodwill reigned between them, and their firm conviction that it would continue to do so. The Sultanese remarked that her son was a young man, very young, and a bit inclined maybe to be wayward, and she knew her brother would deal gently and wisely with the Sultan, who loved him as a father. The general said he hoped the Sultanese would wisely counsel her wayward son, whom he loved as a son. And then we tried the chocolate and cookies, and shook hands with the Sultanese, and the ladies-in-waiting slid out the window, and we took up the march for the palace of the Sultan.

The way led through the village, and the loyal followers of the Sultan came out of their huts and tried to sell us flags and implements of war. They followed us for a part of the way, but the road is rough enough to discourage even a Moro. The "palace" of the Sultan is about a mile back of the village, and the road to it is made of rocks stuck up in the mud at intervals of a foot or so. It gets to be tedious walking

after a while, but there is no other way to go unless you happen to have a pony. The palace is a little more ambitious than the huts of Maibun, but it is built much as they are. The walls are wooden, the side toward the harem being latticed, so that the Sultan



Dato Jakamine, the Fighting Man of Jolo.

can see that his beauties are behaving themselves without having to cross the bridge which leads to their separate building. The roof is part thatch and part corrugated iron. A high wall of stone and mud surrounds the palace, and on this one of the Punjaubi soldiers wanders about, dressed in khaki uniform and black puttees, and carrying a rifle.

At the head of a steep flight of stairs, in a room without a window and so dark that one coming from the light could see absolutely nothing for ten or fifteen minutes, the Sultan received the party. He sat on a little raised platform in one corner with three Datos beside him. He had no scruples about shaking hands, ungloved, with the infidels, and he, too, knows how to make nice speeches. The interpreter was a German, born in the island, who married one of the Sultan's sisters. But he was interpreter, not brother-in-law, to the Sultan. When the formal felicitations on everybody's being there and in good health had been finished, the Sultan remarked that it was rather dark there, and suggested another room. This was one which looked out at the harem, giv-

ing the damsels there a good chance to see their white sisters. In the centre of the room was a long table, covered, as at the Sultanese's, with cookies and wine glasses. Around the wall Moros and Americans wedged into seats. Gen. Bates sat with the Sultan with their backs to the curious harem. With the Sultan were his secretary and three Datos. Kalvi sat behind the general. The Americans completed the line about the table, and Kalvi's followers crowded in with those of the Sultan and his Datos behind the row of chairs. It was a very solemn occasion, and it must be said that the only breach of decorum was committed by an American.

The Sultan is a young man, as his mother said, but he gives the impression of knowing what he is about and just what he wants. His head is rather large and well shaped. His skin is the color of old copper that has been polished. His eyes are well apart, but he has a trick of drooping the lids that makes him look sleepy and indifferent. He has a good firm jaw and chin, with a medium-sized straight nose. He wore on his head a fez which started red, but after a while he took off an outer covering and it was white. As far as waistcoat and trousers were concerned he was in correct evening dress. His coat was a gorgeous creation in corn yellow silk that came clear to his heels and had long flowing sleeves. His feet were shod with patent leathers. Two of the three Datos were in regulation Moro dress, the other wore trousers as big as a woman's, and a blue and white checked flannel blazer. All the Datos carried large knives and chewed betel nut.

Business began immediately with the reading of the draft of the agreement proposed by the Americans. It was modeled on the old Spanish treaty—as it was called—and guaranteed the Moros all the usual rights and religious freedom, except that Gen. Bates made it very distinct that juramentadoism would not be tolerated. It provided also that our flag must be flown, that we should occupy such places as we saw fit for military purposes, that we would continue the Sultan's pay for ruling his people, and that we would not sell or dispose of the islands without the knowledge and consent of the Sultan. The agreement had been done into their language by Mr. Schuck, the interpreter, and the secretary read it, while the Sultan turned his back on his followers and looked bored to death.

Objection arose at once, when discussion

began, to the provision that our flag should be flown. In 1898, when the Spanish were too busy with us to pay attention to the Sultan, he went to Mecca flying his own flag, contrary to his agreement with the Spanish, and nothing derogatory happened to him. Therefore, he could not see why he should not fly his own flag whenever he went abroad. The fact that that was a practical denial of our sovereignty and forfeited our protection did not appeal to him in view of his experience. The argument went around in a ring for a few minutes, and then the general suggested that as they were not reaching a conclusion they should go on to something else. The Moros objected to the occupation for military purposes without specific permission of the Sultan. It developed that that was because they thought the land was to be taken without payment. When he found out that he would get money for it he yielded so readily as to create the impression that he wished we would occupy his whole dominion at once.

There was a provision about slavery which had given the general some anxiety. He was afraid that the Moros would object to his plan for the purchase of freedom on the ground that it would terminate slavery, which was exactly what he was aiming to do. They did object to the clause, but not on that ground. He had fixed an upset price which they thought was too high. With great show of deliberation, the general consented that it should be reduced. It was a great victory for Moro diplomacy.

The secretary did most of the talking for the Moros, but the sleepy and bored Sultan knew very well what he was saying. Two or three times when the Sultan looked as if he were about to sing, "There is a green hill far away," he cut into the discussion with a sudden directness that showed how closely he followed everything that was said. The three Datos made a few speeches which all those who understood them received with absolute impassivity. Twice they asked Kalvi for his opinion. He volunteered nothing, but when asked he made a talk which evidently did not suit. None of the discussion among themselves was interpreted, so that the Americans could tell only by appearances what was going on.

The followers of the Datos got tired of all the talk after a while, and strolled out into the yard to look at the guards and talk it all over. Kalvi's men went, too, and finally Kalvi went. Soon afterward there was a commotion in the yard. The instant thought

of every American there was the same—the bad blood between Kalvi and the Sultan had found expression in a fight of their men. The three Datos with the Sultan jumped out of their chairs and rushed out of the room, clutching at their big knives as they went. It was a nervous minute, and we wished that we had not given such a remarkable evidence of our confidence in the Moros as to bring the four ladies with us. But whatever he thought, no American gave any sign that he was in the least disturbed. Gen. Bates gave one sharp look down the line of his little party, and saw everybody at least outwardly calm. The ladies were as cool as the

trusting himself completely to the power of the Americans. The expression of his face for the first time showed his feeling, and he began to talk in what was manifestly a strain that suited his sneer. Whether his evident scorn produced the effect or not, the Sultan decided to go, and as a result he saw the greatest marvel of his life.

As Mr. Schuck prophesied, the Moros had done all their objecting in the two meetings, and the next morning they concluded the agreement with little more talk. Then the Sultan got his surprise. The wardroom officers of the *Charleston* had a phonograph, and it was exhibited to him. The Sultan was



Native Woman on Horseback.

men. The general's eyes snapped, and that was all. In another minute word came from below that the guard had arrested a man. That was the end of it. Kalvi came back and sat down. His men trooped in again. Sweet peace brooded over us once more.

Sundown found the conference not finished, and the general asked the Sultan to come out to the *Charleston* the next morning, with as many men as he liked, to conclude the business. The Moros were not prepared for that move, and they hesitated. Kalvi grinned. The situation pleased him, for he had openly accused the Sultan of being afraid, whereas he had shown his courage and confidence by

astonished to hear the thing talking English, but when he was finally persuaded to make a speech into the thing, and it was repeated by the machine, he was in realms of mystery of which he had not dreamed. Then the phonograph paid for itself. One of the Sultan's objections had been to our occupation of the rather important port of Siassi. The Spaniards had given it up to him when they left, and it paid him good revenue. But he was so impressed with the phonograph that he finally talked into it the order to his captain in Siassi to turn over to the Americans. And the order did its work, though the man at Siassi, when he heard it from the machine, nearly collapsed.



Copyright by L. A. Rorte, 1899.

Imp, a Modern American Race Horse.

This mare was sired by imported Wagner, her dam being Fondling, by Fonso; Fonso was by King Alfonso, and King Alfonso was by imported Pheton by King Tom.

## THE GENESIS OF THE AMERICAN HORSE

By JOHN GILMER SPEED

THE American horse is as distinctive as the American woman. The horse is like other horses, but vastly different, just as our woman is like all women, but peerless among her sisters in the world—peerless in her similarities and unapproachable in the differences which make her peerless. To get at the genesis of this distinctive and distinguished American horse, which appears in several types, it is not in the least necessary to inquire into the origin of the wild horses which roamed the plains west of the Mississippi, and which were also found in the West wherever the Spaniards had been in their early explorations and settlements. These horses may or may not have been the offspring of castaways from the expeditions of De Soto and other early explorers. That

is not the subject under discussion, for the American horse which can do twelve miles an hour in harness without effort, and cover a mile without difficulty in two minutes and a half, has none of this wild blood in its veins. The blood of the American horse comes from European stock which never reverted to a wild state and ran in herds; on the contrary, it is the result of careful breeding for more than a century, and breeding with at least the elements of selection in it for a hundred years longer.

The definite aim, however, was not perceptible till well into the nineteenth century, and it is not at all likely that the farmers and other horse breeders who had an appreciation of the English stallion Messenger had any conception of the important

work they were doing for posterity when they assisted in the perpetuation of his blood. They were building better than they knew.

The importation of this gray stallion from England in 1788 was the most important event in the history of the horse in America. I say in 1788. But I am not sure of the date. So many fictions have been created about Messenger that he seems almost a hero of fable. It is not certain to my mind whether he came in that year or a few years later; nor is it entirely clear whether he was landed in New York or Philadelphia. The probabilities, however, are in favor of the then metropolis, for Messenger was owned in the neighborhood of the Quaker City during the first few years of his American life, and stayed there till he was taken to Long Island

was an instance of the survival of the fittest. The trip across the ocean was very hard for horses, which, the adage to the contrary notwithstanding, have not much sense; and the conditions of life in the colonies tended to weed out the weaklings with a very rough hand. At the end of the last century the horses about New York and the other seaboard states were tough, strong and active. They were not shapely or large; but they were strong and fit for hard service over the trails which then did service for roads in this new and ambitious world.

I have an idea that one can see to-day in the Province of Quebec, in Canada, horses very like to the prevailing type of those who were the dams of the great equine families whose sons and daughters of to-day in the United States are the most remarkable ex-



Copyright by Frank G. Warner.

"Arion."

Type of the American Trotter.

in 1794. There he remained, with brief sojourns in Orange County, New York, and in New Jersey, till his death in 1808. These facts are interesting and important, for in whatever neighborhood Messenger was in the stud the horses in that locality have continued to be superior down to the present time. His blood was early recognized as potent in his offspring, and its value has appreciated until now in trotting strains it is rightly regarded as royal. That one horse should accomplish so much unaided is impossible; the assistance came from what may be termed the native stock which was then in use in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. The bulk of this stock came from England, though much of it was of Dutch origin. And hardy horses these were, after a generation or so of transplantation. Here

amples of speed and endurance in the world. Time has not stood still exactly in Quebec, but a little way from the St. Lawrence River in the French communities everything seems to belong to an elder century. And the horses, in the few visits I have paid there, have seemed to me particularly to belong to an older time. But they are in many regards very admirable. They are not beautiful, either in conformation or in action, but they are very hardy and they get over the ground harnessed in a calash with ease to themselves and satisfaction to the drivers. From all that I can learn, the American type of a hundred years ago survives only in this section. These horses, presumably, are the result of a mixture of English and French blood, just as those about New York were the result of English and Dutch blood. The



Schreder, 1899. "Lord Brilliant."

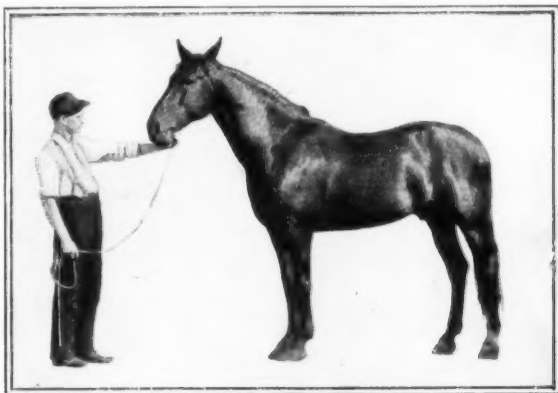
Model Heavy Harness Horse, Owned by Mr. H. C. Hosker.

Morgan horse, though not called Morgan, a hundred years ago existed in New England. He was, or came to be, of a finer type than the French Canadian horse of to-day, and the New York horse of the colonial era. And, by the way, I am quite convinced that the Morgan horse of song and story was a type rather than a family. The name came when it was thought desirable for breeding purposes to give a pedigree to a stallion; but the type existed long before the family. And the type still exists, though the family has perished and the name is rarely heard.

It is useless to try to be definite about the breeding of horses in America previous to the demonstration through the get of Messenger that his sons and daughters could trot exceptionally fast, for records were not kept save in memory, and it is a remarkable fact that the memory of a man about a horse, when he wants to sell him, is a very curiously-acting mental function. And there is no doubt in my mind that after the Messenger strain was proved to be valuable that a cross of it was inserted into many a pedigree where it rightfully had no place. But Messenger was in the stud for nineteen years in America, and during most of that time his service was eagerly sought by

breeders. It follows, therefore, that he left a progeny so numerous that the blood of him was sufficient leaven to make the beginning of that distinctive American horse which to-day is one of our most valuable assets, and at the same time the most remarkable achievement in animal breeding the world has seen.

Messenger was not by any means the first thoroughbred horse to be brought to this country. Racing had flourished to an extent in America from the seventeenth century, and many running horses were brought here to be raced, and also to be the sires and dams of racers. These importations, no doubt, had much influence in improving the stock that was kept for pure utility, and this infusion of blood helped to prepare the foundation stock from which our distinctive



"Chimes."  
Sire of "Fantasy."

horses have sprung. But Messenger was the first of these thoroughbreds whose get out of native mares showed such marked ability to trot fast. This fact is so singular that controversies have sprung up as to Messenger's breeding. The extremest of these controversialists maintains that Messenger was not a thoroughbred, but was of pacing ancestry. He digs deep into more or less trustworthy English records, and because Sampson, the great grandsire of Messenger, was a large horse, looking more like a coach horse than a racer, he concludes that Messenger was of pacing blood. This is finding a mare's nest indeed. Messenger was by Mambrino; Mambrino by Engineer; Engineer by Sampson; Sampson by Blaze; Blaze by Flying Childers; Flying Childers by the Darley Ar-



abian, one of the most distinguished founders of the English thoroughbred. All of the horses named were race horses and winners on the turf, including Messenger himself. Quite probably if we could examine the pedigrees of these various sires back four or five generations on each side we would come across what nowadays would be considered cold strains. But so far as records then were, and according to the standard that was then used, Messenger was as good a thoroughbred as the next, and as such on the turf he was no mean performer. This contention that Messenger was not a thoroughbred was one of the results of the discussion as to whether the trotting horse could be improved by a further skilful infusion of thoroughbred blood. None but those too old or too dull to learn doubt this now when the track record has been reduced to the neighborhood of a mile in two minutes, and the horse that cannot go faster than that marvel of our grandfather's time, Flora Temple, is considered only fit to jog along the road.

Messenger was a gray, and became lighter and what is called flea-bitten with age. He was large and coarse for a thoroughbred. He stood fifteen hands three inches in height, and had a slightly Roman nose. In temper he was inclined to be vicious, and there are traditions that he was a man-killer. It is certain that he was intolerant of strangers. During his life he was valued, to judge by transfers of interests in him, at something like \$4,500. This valuation does not give confirmation to the story that an admiring witness of his landing

exclaimed: "There, in that horse, a million dollars strikes American soil." As a matter of fact, however, he had within him as Mr. Thrail's beer vats had within them: "Potentialities of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice."

It would be tedious to go into the history of all the horse families established by the sons of Messenger; but there is one family which must be mentioned, as from it has come the American trotting horse *par excellence*. Messenger begat Mambrino, and Mambrino begat Abdallah, and Abdallah begat Hambletonian. Now the race may be said to have fairly begun, for there is scarcely a trotting horse of note in America which has not in its blood one, two or three strains of this Hambletonian blood, for Hambletonian was the great sire of trotters. He was a Messenger on both sides—great grandson in the male line, and grandson and great grandson in the female line, from which also came a new thoroughbred cross, for his dam was by imported Bellfounder. In him the Messenger blood was strong, and himself a trotter of much speed, though never trained, he had the capacity of transmitting the trotting gait in a greater degree than any horse

in history. The Hambletonian families and sub-families are many, and, as said before, all the most distinguished trotting horses trace back to him. When there are several Hambletonian crosses in a horse, and also a fresh infusion of thoroughbred blood there is generally an expectation that something out of the ordinary will be the result. At any rate, with the founding of these families a distinct



Hall photo.

"Vince."

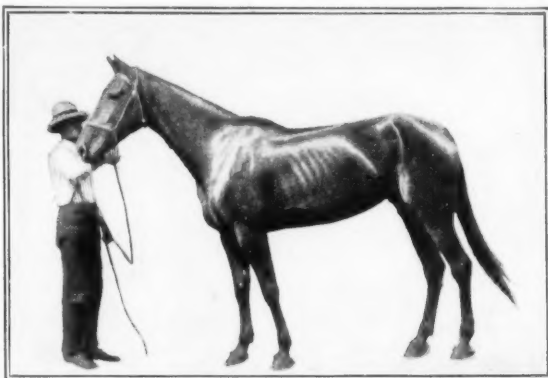
Model Kentucky Saddle Horse, Owned by Mrs. John Gerken.

tive trotting type that would with reasonable certainty reproduce itself had been made. During the last twenty-five years the effort has been to improve this type so as to secure at once more beauty and symmetry of conformation and action and greater speed. All of this has been achieved by the skilful infusion of thoroughbred blood, by better methods of training, and by raising from time to time the standard by which roadsters are judged in the show and the sale rings. Twenty-five years ago the action of the average fast trotter was an ugly, awkward and lunging gait, while the animal was likely to be ungainly in conformation. Now the good trotter moves with as little friction as a perfectly adjusted steam engine, while the action is dainty, rather than fierce, and the conformation not infrequently is as beautiful as that of a thoroughbred. The American trotter is no longer of the cart-horse type; the royal breeding shows everywhere, in every line and every action—the horse is built to go and bred to stay.

The trotting horse may be said to be the perfection of the American type, but there are modifications of this type all in a measure due to the making of that type resulting in heavy harness horses, high steppers, and the best kind of saddle horses, while the general utility horses of this country are so superior that they are being purchased for use in the European armies to such an extent that the exportation of horses is becoming a great business. To be sure, we are importing horses all the while, also, but these are brought either to add new strains to our thoroughbred stock or to keep up the supply of heavy draft animals. Hackneys have also been brought in within fifteen years in great numbers, and it is likely that within a decade or so there will be an American hackney type. The hackney, as originally de-

veloped in England, as the name implies, was a general utility horse, and used under the saddle and in harness as a hack. The accentuation of the high knee action of this kind of horse has given to it a vogue in England, and they have been used for coach and light driving, as well, the showy movement being considered very graceful and effective. There is a question, indeed, whether this exaggerated knee action has not impaired the usefulness of the hackney for general purposes, for, to use an old-fashioned schoolboy expression, "what goes up must come down." Now, this unnecessary lifting of the feet is accompanied by a heavy striking of the ground, and the jar cannot possibly do the horse any good or conduce to the longevity of service. At any rate, the horse trainers in America very easily teach

an American trotter to do the high-stepping trick, and the trotter does it more daintily while easily achieving a much greater speed. In heavy harness, however, that is where considerable loads are drawn, there is much doubt as to whether



"Fantasy."

Mr. C. J. Hamlin's Famous Trotting Mare.

the English hackney is not now superior in lasting qualities to the American trotter. This is not due to more stamina or to gamer blood, for your hackney is a cold-blooded horse compared with the trotter, but to the fact that the hackney keeps its hind feet better underneath the body than the trotter, and so more easily pulls the load in a direct line. The trotter, as any one will see who will stand in front or behind such a horse in action, spreads the hind feet pretty wide. This undoubtedly contributes to the speed, but it just as undoubtedly interferes with the capacity for heavy draught. My idea is, and I believe I am not alone in this, that by a skilful blending of the blood some of the speed and some of the delicacy of action of the trotter will be combined with the weight and the directness of



"Coxy" and "Brown Dona."

Model American Carriage Horses, Owned by the late C. F. Bates.

the hackney. If this anticipation be realized, we will have an American hackney much better suited to our own needs, and one that will be sought in Europe, where the American trotter is now in great demand for racing purposes. At present there are many trotting races in Germany, Austria and France, the horses, as a rule, being purchased in this country. They are also breeding trotters from American stock to a certain extent, and at every important sale in New York, now the great horse market of the continent, there are foreign buyers who not only secure young horses for racing, but get brood mares and stallions, as well.

The saddle horses in America have quite naturally been good for a very long time. In our early history all long journeys not taken on foot were on horseback, and there has never been a time when in this country what was necessary and desirable has not been supplied. The hardy and active horses before spoken of as the foundation native stock were apt to be very good saddle horses. Indeed, any active horse not too heavy in weight or too long on the back, can be converted by a patient and skilful rider into a good saddle horse. A good saddle horse nowadays must walk, trot, canter and gallop. These are all natural gaits to all horses, so that any ordinarily active horse can be more or less perfected in them. But more was needed in the time of our great grandfathers when long journeys had to be made over roads which were not much better than trails. Then the amble was considered desirable, and later a much pleasanter

gait, which is called the running-walk. The amble is a slow pace, a gait where the progression is secured by the feet on the same side moving forward at the same time. This amble had been held in esteem in Europe since the middle ages. At that time abbots and other monks took journeys on ambling jennets, and ladies also preferred such a mount. We read also of ambling palfreys which the knights used before mounting their charges for battle or for tilt. The saddle horses in America in the colonial time were of the palfrey kind, and they were considered very excellent. Silas Dean, who with Dr. Franklin represented the colonies in France during the Revolutionary War, expressed a wish that he had such a horse to give, presumably, to Marie Antoinette. "I wish," he said, "I had one of your best saddle horses, of the American or Rhode Island breed—a present of that kind would be money well laid out with a certain personage."

The amble pushed faster came to be the pace, and it is probably true that there were pacing races under saddle before we had trotting races. These, by the way, were also always under saddle until well along in the nineteenth century—even into the second half of it. But the pace is not a nice gait, either in harness or under the saddle, and it is not held in high esteem except by those who use phenomenally fast horses for exhibition and gambling purposes. That there is pacing blood in many of our best trotting families there can be no doubt. It is also true that pacers have been converted into

trotters, just as baritones have been changed into tenors; but these facts do not in the least prove that the trotter owes the capacity to trot to pacing blood; that conclusion from the facts is not fairer than to say that the trotter owes the trot to the thoroughbred blood, and in spite of occasional pacing strains. At any rate, the modern American saddle horse—the best saddle horse anywhere to be found—is not indebted to the pacer to any extent. Nowadays none but a bumpkin would ride a pacing horse, and even the amble is quite out of fashion even in those sections of the country where men ride on horseback for business purposes, and have no desire to get greatly heated by exercise. For fun, for the fun of riding, I think, the thoroughbred is the ideal saddle horse. But the thoroughbred is not suited

education, and become very accomplished, besides being active, symmetrical and gentle. It used to be that at every country fair in Kentucky they had rings for combination horses, that is, horses good both in harness and under the saddle. It may be that such is still the case. I have seen the same horse take three premiums in three classes—the best driving horse, the best saddle horse, and the best combination horse. These Kentucky saddle horses twenty years ago were accomplished in many gaits—the walk, the running walk, the trot, the rack or single foot, the canter and the gallop—and they were fine and useful animals in every sense. Recently, and especially for the Eastern market, these gaits have been curtailed to the walk, canter and gallop, and 't has not been considered necessary to

break a horse intended for the saddle to harness, the mistaken idea prevailing that to drive a horse will injure his saddle gaits. This idea is the veriest nonsense. Each new accomplishment helps a horse in his others. It is on a par with the idea that an English-speaking person knowing French should not attempt to learn German, or Spanish or Italian or Russian. The more a horse knows the greater is the facility with which each gait is accomplished. Those who keep the best saddle



The Famous "Mambrino King" at 23 Years. Sire of "Nightingale."

to all riders. Most frequently it is not up to the weight of heavy men, and then again it is too highly strung for any save a patient and expert rider. For the general rider, there has been developed in this country, chiefly in Kentucky, an American saddle horse in every way admirable. This horse is at least half bred, and often three-quarters bred. It is the product of thoroughbred blood, and some old Kentucky strains—Denmarks and Drennons. These horses are capable of high



The Famous "Green Mountain Maid."  
The Great Mother of Trotters.



The Late Colonel Kip Behind a Pair of His Famous Roadsters.

horses are not interested in the economic side of having a horse that is a Jack-of-all-trades, for they can have as many horses as they choose. I am not even sure that these various accomplishments add to a horse's selling value; but when a man keeps only one or two horses it is very agreeable to be able to do anything and all things at convenience and without concern over the result. It has been my practice never to keep a horse with which I could not do as I chose—drive single and double, ride in the park, go to the hunting field and after the hounds.

These admirable saddle horses are the result of the same kind of breeding as that which has produced the trotter. Not nearly so much attention has been paid to it, for there has never been a chance for such great rewards. Phenomenally fast and promising trotting horses have sold for prices exceeding \$50,000, and one, I believe, brought \$100,000. A stiff price for a saddle horse is \$750, though I have known one to be sold for \$3,000. For the same reason there has not been so much speculation as to the genesis of the saddle horses. As a rule, we judge a saddle horse by the capacity of the individual, and do not bother about the pedigree, therefore pedigrees have not been preserved and no trouble taken to tamper with them. I do not know the origin and history of Denmarks and Drennons, though the records may be accessible in Kentucky; but I do know that the produce of a mare of

either of these strains and a stallion, either thoroughbred or nearly so, is pretty certain to be an animal which can be fashioned into as fine a saddle horse as any lady or gentleman would care to ride.

Whether the American thoroughbred is distinctive or not is a nice question. We got the blood from England, and we have from the first kept on importing new strains of English blood. Undoubtedly climate, methods of training and of racing have had influence, and forty years ago there seemed to be a distinctive American thoroughbred, a horse of great gameness and stamina, and with the capacity to go long distances at high rates of speed. There has been a change since then, a change which I scarcely hesitate to say has not been for the better. The turf is now merely a place for gambling, the horses that run being essential parts of the machinery. The breeders have been called upon to supply animals that could go a short distance quickly, in other words, to make sprinters. They have done so, the usual process being to use an English sire with American dams. I do not believe that this has been a good thing for American horses, even though the present type approaches more nearly to the English than formerly. On the contrary, I believe that the American type was to be preferred, for that type was closer to our other horse types, and better adapted to unite with them for purposes of improvement. Racing is an admirable sport, it is true, but its serious purpose is

to try horse against horse so as to decide questions of breeding. That this serious purpose should be lost sight of in the interest of the gamblers is very much to be regretted.

There is another very interesting side to the horse question in America. The work of ordinary horses is being always more and more supplanted by the perfection and adoption of other motive powers. It is predicted, and with much show of reason, that in ten years or so there will be work for only a few horses in the great cities, the traffic, including the heavy trucking being done by other agencies—steam, electricity, compressed air and what not. The probable change in conditions makes it desirable that the breeders of horses, chiefly the farmers of the country, should be prepared. The preparation necessary is to learn what horses are not to become obsolete. The trotter and roadster have ever a more brilliant future. The same may be said of the coach horse and the saddle horse. These horses will never go out of fashion. As well expect women to get out of fashion because clothes

can be washed and mangled by machinery. Instead of going out of fashion, they will increase in fashion, as the country increases in wealth. But there will be no use for indifferent specimens. Every owner will want an *edition de luxe*. Economically considered with reference to the wealth of the country, this horse question is a very large one. On the first of January, 1899, the horses in the United States were worth \$511,074,813. This was a falling off in value of almost half in seven years, for in 1892 the horses were valued at \$1,007,593,636. This is a very serious depreciation, and was due to the fact that common horses have so fallen in value as to be worth next to nothing. But during this time of depreciation the fine horse—the *edition de luxe*—has always commanded a good price, and to-day is more eagerly sought than ever before in our history. The plain corollary is that it behooves us to breed fewer and better horses, horses up to that standard which has given to the American horse fame and distinction throughout the world.

## THE BREATH OF WINE

By EUGENE WOOD

THE sea of misery through which Whitaker labored to finish his story of the wreck on the Jersey coast was none the less real for being ill-defined. At the paragraphs, and where he had to consult his notes, it seemed as if its waves and its billows had gone clean over his head; but he emerged, and the eager brain drove him on and on to the haven where he would be. At last he could make the double cross that marked the end of the article. It was good stuff, he knew that, but somehow he took little delight in it. It was as if he had but been transcribing the impressions that another self received. That was before he got so cold and drenched with the driving rain, for big shipwrecks do not choose fine weather for their appearance. As he got up to turn in his copy he was surprised to find himself staggering a little. He saw the night city editor hand it to Perkins, and wondered at his own indifference. Perkins always butchered his stuff so. Another night

he would have grieved for an hour over it, but to-night he was so wretched that one pin-prick less or more mattered not.

In the let-down that followed the strenuous effort, the poor body made its grumblings heard. He was cold yet. It seemed as if he could never get warm again. His bones ached. His head winced at every hammerstroke of his heart. It was hard for him to get all the breath he needed. An old cut, used for a paper weight, fell off a desk, and every muscle in his body made a frightened bolt. He felt sorry for himself and strangely homesick for Minuca Centre, the little Ohio town he had come from. New York appeared to him on the sudden to be very lonely. Whom did he know in it but the boys along Park Row and the limited class of people without whose names in it no metropolitan daily goes to press? All good-hearted, all good company, but to-night he longed for the companionship of some one that had more to offer than the latest funny



story. He had always liked Kennedy, but he dimly resented it when Kennedy came up, threw his leg over the desk and began to talk. He managed to be civil to the man, but it was only the passing word he was able to grasp. What had been said and what was coming he could not. It was like looking at a procession through a crack in a fence. One thing he seized upon. Kennedy said in tones of the deepest conviction: "You take a good big hooker of hot whiskey, old man, and get right to bed." That seemed to be marvelously wise; he wondered that he had not thought of it himself. He would go right and do that very thing. He would go to Tipton's for it. He would be sure to find some of the fellows there at this time of night. Perhaps he might find also the comradeship for which he yearned so.

"Hello, Whit!" called out Bunker from one of the little boxes cushioned with leather, where there was room for four and no more. "Come over here and sit down and rest your face and hands."

Besides Bunker there were Hamilton and Frizzell. They grinned and blew cigarette smoke at him before they could speak.

"How you feelin'?"

"Unfit for publication," answered Whittaker. (This was as much his personal property in salutations as was Bunker's request for him to come sit down and rest his face and hands. Frizzell always said: "Merry Christmas!" at all times of the year.) "Been down to that wreck below Absecom Light and got chilled to the bone. Think I'll take a hot Scotch. What are you all drinkin'?"

"We all," replied Bunker, mimicking Whittaker's Ohio idiom, for, while Southern Ohio believes in a letter

"r" broad enough for wagons to pass on, it cannot forget that it was settled from Kentucky, "we all have just ordered port wine. I thought it would taste good, and for once these fellows agreed with me."

"You'll come to tea yet," warned Whittaker and sighed.

"I'll tell you," confided Bunker, "we were just going over some old-fashioned tunes, and if you don't mind, I'll oblige the company with what I promised 'em just as you came in. I know they are all impatience. Did you ever hear 'The White Pilgrim?' I can remember my old grandmother crooning it. Goes like this"—and he hummed the old backwoods air. "Nice and home-like, ain't it?"

"Ah, my Lord!" sighed Frizzell in a cloudy gust. "Apple butter; milk gravy; rambos; walnuts cracked on a flat-iron; piece of pie in your hand Sunday evenings, instead of supper!" He shook his head. Speech failed.

"Start up one of those old hymn tunes," commanded Hamilton, "so we can all take a hand. I feel kind o' singy to-night. Not too loud. Just hum it. I can vamp a bass, I guess. Frizzell, you take the tenor. Can't you make a stagger at alto, Whit?"

Whittaker shook his head. "Too hoarse."

The glasses of wine were brought, and they took a gulp, while Whittaker gave his order. They leaned forward to keep their melodious humming to themselves, and, borne on their breaths came the fragrance of the wine and the simple harmonies of an old hymn tune, built on the primitive scale of five notes which has such power to stir the deep of men's hearts. A tender melancholy exhales



"He wondered that he had not thought of it himself."

in such airs, a sigh of regret for the childhood of the race, now lost forever.

"Cowper," croaked Whittaker, recalling its name, and hearkened to the words.

The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may I, though vile as he;  
Wash all my sins away.

A subtler pain flashed over Whittaker. The shallow, reckless companions that could sing those sacred words in a bar-room dissolved away from his perception like wreaths of smoke. The fragrance of the wine—that melody. Once more he was a little boy, left alone in the pew while his mother went up forward. The church was still, and there were people kneeling at the altar rail. Why he did not know. This was the first time he had ever been at quarterly meeting. When father was alive, it had been enough that he went to Sunday school. But now he was mother's little man, and went with her to places.

In the midst of the stillness stood up the presiding elder, grave and reverend in his white and flowing beard. The little boy heard every word he said. How solemn and mystical it seemed! "Rise, brethren, go in peace and live for Him who died for you." As they returned down the aisle and others pressed to take their places at the Table of the Lord, the perfume of the sacramental wine filled the house and stole upon the senses of the boy for the first time. Also there came the hymn, whose tune he learned afterward to call by name, and whose words, simple, direct and hot from the heart of the obscure poet that wrote them, entered also into the heart of the child. He saw his mother coming in her widow's weeds, and with such a look on her face as shone there when he and she kneeled by his father's bedside and heard him whisper to them both: "Meet—me——" An upward look told them where.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing Thy power to save,  
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.

It was the men in the bar-room uttering these words, but Whittaker knew it not, and only awakened when, with an exaggerated and burlesqued "Ah-men," they ended the hymn.

"Ah, come off!" sneered Frizzell, "Methodists don't sing 'Amen' to hymns. They—What's the matter, Whit?"

Whittaker had risen and stood staring like a somnambulist. "I—I guess I'll go, fellows," he said.

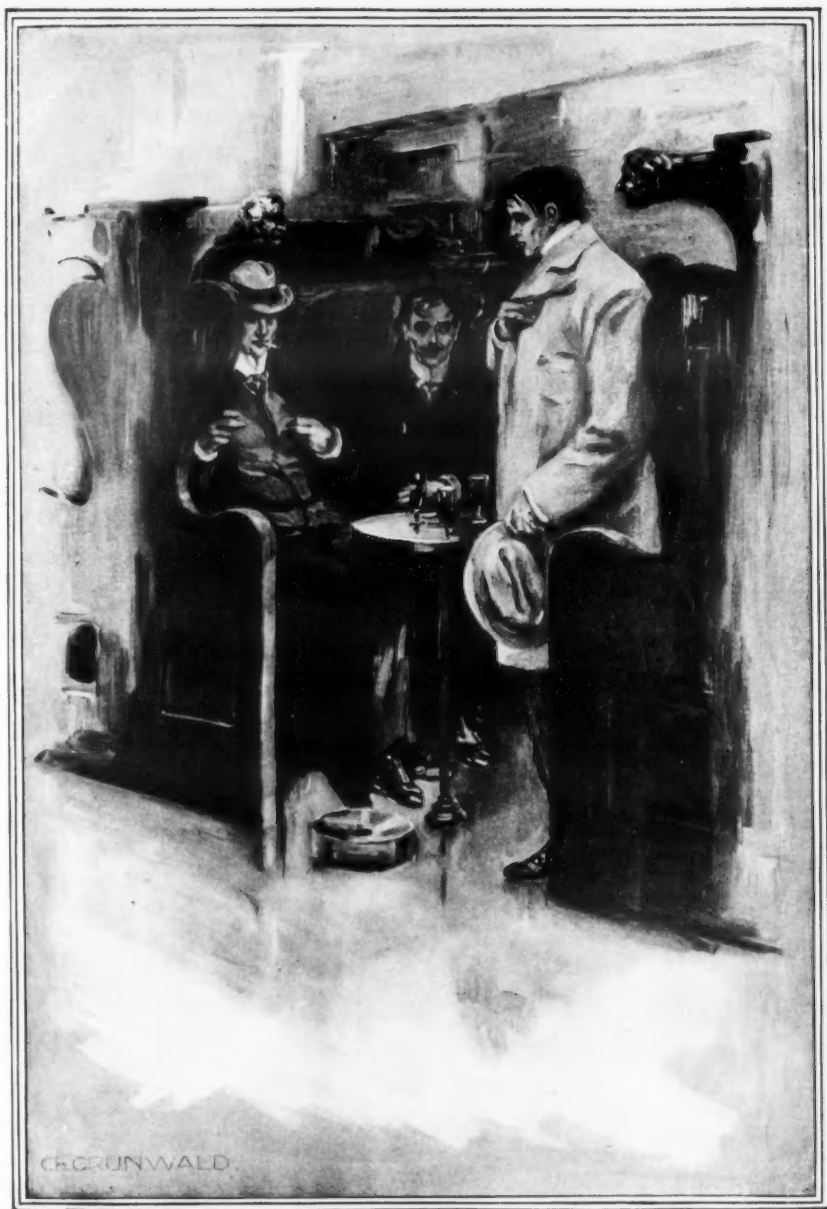
"Ain't you going to drink your whiskey? Better."

"No, I guess not. I must be getting home." He drifted out with the strange feeling that his arms were growing tremendously large and his hands shrinking to the size of dolls'. Like an automaton, he went to the Bridge, waited for his car, boarded it, got off at the right corner, walked to the house where he roomed, and let himself in, knowing nothing of what he did, only conscious that his head was booming with "Cowper." Sometimes he heard it with the crashing mixture stops and the thunderous bass of the grand organ, but oftenest it was the unison of the congregation, the men singing through the thin treble of the women that waned and shuttled like the *vox humana*.

Dear dying Lamb! Thy Precious Blood  
Shall never lose its power—

But it had lost its power, it had lost it! With a yearning that choked him, he longed to be able to take those words to himself as once he had taken them. There was a time when of all things they were the most real to him, when his throat swelled, not with grief for a lost faith, but with the high resolve to live for Him who died for all the world.

How well he remembered the first time he had glimpsed the meaning of religion! The last kind neighbor had left after asking if there was anything she could do for the widow and her little son. They were all alone at last. The boy sat there in his new stiff clothes, bought for the funeral, trying to understand how his father could be in heaven when he had seen them put him in the deep hole at the Huntsville burying ground, and had heard the frozen clods thump on the box-lid. It seemed dreadfully lonesome. For weeks, some of the neighbors, mostly it was Eliza Buck, had been there during the day helping take care of the sick man, and nights there was always somebody from the lodge sitting up. But now they were all alone and would be always. Pa wouldn't ever come back. The boy wondered where the money was to come from. With a dumb amazement, he saw his mother take down the big Bible. Were they going right to bed? Prayers always came just before bedtime. When she began to read: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty," something came into his heart that took the ache out of his recollection of that grave in the lonely bury-



"Whittaker had risen and stood staring, like a somnambulist."

ing ground, out in the long gray grass, under the trees that tossed their bare branches in the shrill, cold wind, something that promised: "He shall call upon Me, and I will hear him: I will be with him in trouble." (But now—whom had he now that would be with him in trouble?)

It seemed to him but last night that, when the psalm was ended, she shut the book and they two kneeled down in the old-fashioned way with their elbows resting on



"Like an automaton he let himself in—"

the chair seat and the mother prayed aloud—he had never heard her do that before—that the God of the widow and the fatherless would be with them, and that He would remember the promise He had made: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." The tears had come, not the tears of sorrow, but those gentle drops that soothe and heal the wounds that sorrow leaves.

He recalled, too, how he went with his mother to the love feast of the quarterly

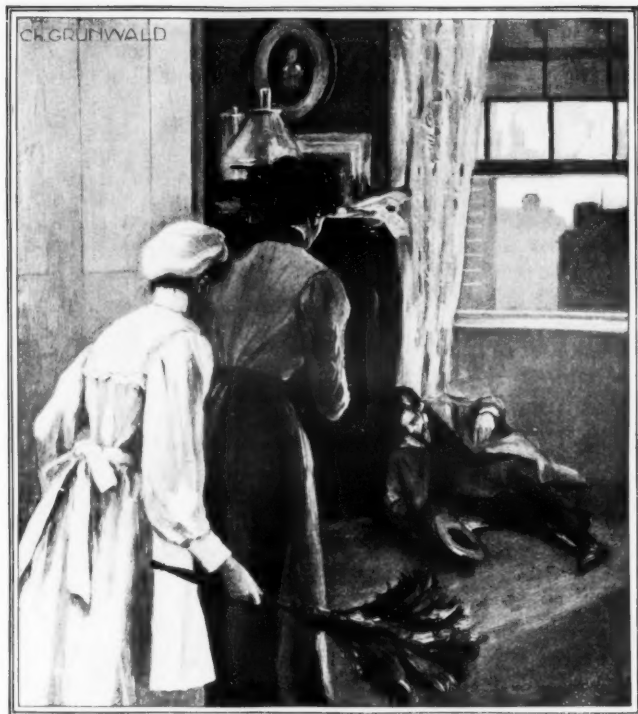
meeting, and how when she stood up to speak and give her experience he stood up, too, his hand in hers. What she said he hardly knew, for he was saying over and over again to himself the words he was to speak when she had done, words that he meant to be the pledge of his life: "I am trying to serve the Lord."

The lofty exaltation of the "protracted meeting," in which he had been converted thrilled him again as he went back over the past. The agony of conviction of sin, the tear-dewed recognition of sins forgiven and the heart-swelling joy that followed came with their sweep of emotion to strengthen and seal his resolve to give his heart to God. He could not but smile to recall some of the grotesqueries attending this ennobling event, that boy that lived down by the paper mill, "Quill" Divins his name was, that jumped up from the mourners' bench and ran to the wall, where he clawed at the plastering and bellowed in his voice that was just changing: "I'm a-goin' to climb up to Jesus!" And then that girl that worked for the Mearses, she got "the power," and lay in a trance for hours. She had green kid gloves on. He expected that when she came to she would tell of visions of angels that she had seen, but he never heard what she did say. It seemed as if those who knew wanted to keep it to themselves. And, too, even in that heroic period of his life when all was noble and there were no sneering, cynical truths, it puzzled him that John Patterson could get shouting happy in the meetings and clap his hands and cry "Glory!" and yet go into his stables and get mad at his horses for nothing at all, and whip them till all the neighbors could hear the poor things scream. That didn't seem to jibe just right, somehow.

But it had all gone from him now. It was all as boyish and impossible as those dreams of his about how he was going to find a buried treasure. He would build a silver arch in the parlor and give his mother a string of diamonds and pearls to wear, and he would put a gold piece in the plate at church to make the people wonder. He could never dream those dreams again.

He shuddered still as he sat there in his wet clothes, but the panorama of his life unrolled before him in colors of too enchanting brilliance. There must have been hard times after his father died. Some dinners they didn't have much of anything to eat. One time there was only enough butter to spread on his bread. His mother said that

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"They found the young man lying in a heap."

sometimes she just couldn't eat butter; it kind of went against her. Really, she liked her bread dry; really and truly. That night she stopped and read again the place where it says: "I have been young and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." And the very next day Mr. Newcomer, who printed the Logan County *Herald*, came to the house and asked Mrs. Whittaker if she didn't think Jimmy would like to learn the printing business. Of course he couldn't pay him very much at the start while he was learning, but afterward he would do better by him. What a godsend that dollar a week was to them! It rather took Jimmy by surprise to find out that Mr. Newcomer was a Democrat. He had always supposed that Democrats were mean and got drunk and everything.

Soon after, his mother got the position of teacher in the primary room in the public schools, and ever since had held it.

He smiled as he remembered how "Pop"

Waldron had sent him over to the *Examiner* office to borrow their "italic shooting stick," and the foreman there, entering into the spirit of the ancient joke, had given him a big composition roller under which he had staggered up the four awful flights to the *Herald* composing room, to be laughed at wildly then and teased for weeks afterward. He believed everything that was told him in those days. It doesn't take a boy long to get over that habit of mind in a printing office. He remembered the first time Mr. Newcomer trusted him to do some "locals," and how proud he was to see them in type. More and more of them he did, until one day the beckonings of the big city could no longer be resisted. To please his mother, he had brought his church letter with him and had really meant to hand it in, but his mind had been on other things, and it was still in his trunk somewhere. As insensibly as one becomes a man, he had lost his faith. It had gone from him as the tide from the rock. As a reporter he was every day where a

marveling public wished it might have been. He and his kind eddied in the storm-centres of metropolitan life. He saw the climaxes of comedy and tragedy, and learned that they differ, not in kind, but in degree only. Around him boiled and seethed the great world, the right coming out on top just often enough to make a man suspect that it was the best thing to live honest, leaving out of the question that within him which would not let him rest easy if he did the other thing. But overhead, where once had sat the kind Father, without whom no sparrows falleth, who heareth the cry of the desolate and the oppressed, and him that hath no helper, the throne was empty. It was that made the world seem lonely.

If he could only be the simple, trusting child once more—yes, even the new boy in the printing office—if he could only say the prayer his mother taught him:

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;  
Bless Thy little lamb to-night—

But no, he could not keep a straight face. A lamb! He thought of that clumsy, stupid animal, and the fancy made him grin. It was too grotesque. That was the trouble with him, his sense of humor. But still he wished he could say that prayer.

The gale had swept the sky clean of clouds and the dawn came in at the window with that ineffable blue that mocks the garish gaslight. He raised the sash to close the blinds that he might have the darkness his untimely sleep demanded, and stood a while awed at the matin miracle, gazing at those Apocalyptic glories. The thought of the cruel shipwreck returned to him and he found himself saying:

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea.

"And I, John, saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.

"And I heard a great voice out of heaven crying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God himself shall be with them and be their God.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

"A beautiful dream! a beautiful dream!"

he whispered, "and I was once so sure it was real. Where is it now? With Atlantis, with Vinland, with the Seven Cities of Cibola." The room pitched and swum under him and all grew dark.

"Mr. Whittaker! Mr. Whittaker!" cried the upstairs girl, knocking loudly on the door. "Mr. Whittaker! It's after two o'clock!" That would rouse him she thought, for she knew it was not his day off. Through the transom she could see that the gas was flaring high. Mrs. Latham wouldn't like it if she knew her gas was burning in the daytime.

"There's something wrong with Mr. Whittaker," she breathlessly declared to the landlady. "His gas is on full head and he won't answer me."

When they broke the door open they found the young man lying in a heap under the chill blast of the window, burning with fever and babbling confusedly. All the motherhood arose in Mrs. Latham and, as if he had been her own son, she got him to bed and hurried Nora for the doctor.

Four days later the physician said to her: "He's a very sick man. Perhaps you had better let his people know. Double pneumonia. Better telegraph."

"Yes," whispered Mrs. Latham to the trembling mother, "still alive; and while there is life there is hope, you know. Let me take your things. He seems to be holding his own, the doctor says, but we thought we had better send for you. Not yet. I wouldn't go up for a minute or so till you get a little more composed. Those long journeys are so trying. I remember when Mr. Latham died. Take this chair, Mrs. Whittaker. Nora, bring Mrs. Whittaker a glass of wine, second shelf in the pantry closet, Nora. Really, I insist, Mrs. Whittaker. I know it is against your principles. He has told me what a strong temperance woman you are. But after that trying journey. It is a medicine, you know, dear. It will do you good. You need something to strengthen you."

Hardly knowing what she did, the mother drank the wine and felt its warmth coursing through her veins.

She fell on her knees by the bedside. "Oh, Jimmy, don't you know me?" she cried.

"Know you? Why, certainly. Know you





"She fell on her knees by the bedside."

any place. Yes, yes. Just turns the column, not counting the head. Then there's two sticks on the second page that belong to me. Beautiful dream! Beautiful dream! Seven Cities of Cibola. 'There shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying.' Isn't that fine? The English, I mean. But it's gone, gone, like the tide from the rock. The throne is empty. A little lamb! But I wish—I wish—I wish—" he babbled rapidly till his breath exhausted itself. She leaned over and kissed him and smoothed the hair from his forehead.

She always said he had such a noble forehead. His eyes were closed and he labored for his breath. Then as the fragrance of the wine stole through the room, his mind, weltering in a shoreless sea of dreams, caught upon this odor as upon a rope, he opened his unseeing orbs and murmured: "'Cowper,' 'Cowper.' Rise, brethren, go in—

go in peace—and live for Him—live for Him who died for you. Nobody raises—nobody raises the tune. Nobody—

The dying thief—rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day—

Nobody is singing. No—nobody is singing."

The mother began the old tune, tremulously, waveringly. The sick man brightened, and, somehow, she found the strength to go on, to thrust her voice through the tears that choked her. Over the passionate love for her boy, "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow," rose the faith that laid hold on the corners of the altar, and with every line her voice cleared. She went on to the end.

"When this poor lisping, stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave."

Then the thought of the grave, that grim parallelogram in the long, gray grass, struck

its chill to her heart, and her throat shut with a click.

Just then one ray of reason shone through the delirium. "Mother!" he whispered, and tried to turn to her. But the movement was too much for the weakened heart, and the clock of life stopped its beating forever.

When Mrs. Whittaker met the young men

from the newspaper offices that were counted worthy to be the pallbearers (among them were Bunker, Hamilton and Frizzell), she said: "In my sorrow for my son it is my greatest comfort that he went out into eternity leaning on the strong arm of Christ. It is well with his soul."

And none by the movement of a muscle gave token of astonishment.

## THE FILIPINO LEADERS

By LIEUT.-COM. CARLOS GILMAN CALKINS

NAVIGATING OFFICER OF THE "OLYMPIA" UNDER ADMIRAL DEWEY

*Commander Calkins gives an accurate account of the mixed and warring elements that combine to form the Filipino population. He presents a balanced estimate of the Filipino leaders, drawn from their careers in the revolution against Spain in 1896 and against the United States since the fall of Manila. He concludes with a forecast of the uses which native leaders may serve when peace is restored.*

SINCE it is known that Spain governed her colonies by a system of rapacity and oppression, it is often assumed that her principal agency was military force. While more than half the revenue exacted from the Philippines was spent in maintaining armaments, military and naval, which were useless for external defense, it appears that they were chiefly engaged in restraining savage tribes or in punitive or invading expeditions in remote regions. Of the standing army of 13,000 men, less than ten per cent. were Spaniards, and the capital had barely 300 to defend itself against the rebels of 1896. Most of the army was employed in completing the endless task of conquering the Moros of Mindanao. Outlying islands and frontier districts had military or naval officers as commandants. Everywhere else the government was directed by civilians and administered by petty native officials.

### NO MILITARY CONTROL.

Figures demonstrate the impracticability of any purely military system of control. The smallest command which could support the authority of an officer assigned to an isolated and discontented municipality of 5,000 inhabitants would be a company of one hundred men. Neglecting one-half of

the 1,100 municipalities in the archipelago, we find that 55,000 soldiers will be required for the other fraction. A moderate allowance for flying columns and central garrisons, for invalids and recruits, will exhaust the resources of the largest military establishment proposed for the United States. Nor would the detachments be safe as long as the population remained irreconcilable.

The economic situation would seem to be as impossible as the military question. A single company of American troops might cost some \$35,000 annually—which is more than Spain allowed for all the captains, clerks and constables of a thousand native municipalities. The employment of natives in such posts as they are capable of filling may be found a cheap as well as a conciliatory measure of settled government.

The moral force of the native magistrates charged with local administrative duties seems to have been fairly successful in preserving order throughout the last four years of revolution and war. Brief seasons of riot and revenge have been followed by long periods of peaceful progress. The destruction of Spanish authority did not leave the provinces a prey to brigandage. The Filipino authorities that maintained themselves during the interregnum were the municipal captains (formerly *gobernadorcillos*), and

their subordinates, the lieutenants and *cabezás*. Though elected by a narrow corporation, known as the *principalía*, they seem to have been accepted as genuine leaders and representatives of the community. This class also furnished a large proportion of the directors of the revolution, including those most endowed with courage and consistency.

#### FORMER NATIVE RULE.

Of the origin and affiliations of this class it is sufficient to note that no Spaniard or Spanish *mestizo* (half caste) could be chosen to any municipal office or admitted to the electorate. Only natives or Chinese *mestizos* were eligible, and they had to be solvent taxpayers, able to speak and write Spanish. The exclusion of Spanish elements from the *principalía* seems to have been due to the traditional policy of cherishing division among the colonists, also to the persistence of the friars in resisting the advent of those who might become their rivals in political intrigue or industrial enterprise.

Beside the modest educational qualification, there was a tendency to limit the choice of municipal officers to men of property, who were thus exposed to penalties for any deficiency in the financial returns from their wards. Moreover, no legitimate compensation was allowed for men charged with the onerous duties of tax gathering. Naturally, there was a disposition to avoid these burdens or to arrange for illicit gains to cover wages and insurance. To carry out such schemes, it was necessary to secure the consent of the parish priest or friar, and a system of concerted division seems to have been in general operation, whereby all estimates of population are vitiated. All official classes, Spanish and native, shared in this tolerated corruption. The promptness with which the municipal captains joined the insurrection may be attributed to their natural resentment for the irritations and humiliations of this situation.

The duties of these petty governors were thus defined in their commission: To aid the friar in enforcing attendance at mass and submission to the church; to suppress drunkenness and scandalous conduct; to compel the villagers to follow trades and to tend crops and raise cattle; to keep roads in repair; to exercise judicial functions in petty cases; to collect taxes from all natives and Chinese. Practically, this last was the only function of importance. In 1894 the instructions were modified and some ef-

fort was made to secure responsibility by restricting the dependence of native magistrates upon the will of the friars. The clericals and conservatives resisted this reform and prevented it from becoming effective—which does not hinder them from attributing the revolt of 1896 to this attempt at reformation.

#### THE SCHOOLMASTERS.

Next to the *principalía* in the village hierarchy came the schoolmaster. But he was overtaken and underpaid, and subjected to the parish friar, who, as *ex-officio* inspector of schools, had legal power to reprimand or suspend the teacher. As graduates of the normal school conducted by the Jesuits these masters had some rudiments of culture, but intellectual curiosity and general reading were discouraged by authority. Ceremonies and catechisings formed a principal part of the routine of instruction, and the teachers were constantly threatened with charges of irreligion. In seasons of panic, suspicion and preventive zeal led to arrest on suspicion, often followed by cruel punishment. Scores of schoolmasters were dragged off with cords binding their elbows to languish in casemates or to kneel before firing parties during the reign of terror of 1896. Though the survivors adhere to the revolution, they do not appear among the directors of the movement.

The chief competitors of the provincial magistrates for the control of a national system are found among the professional classes of the capital and the central districts. They were the heralds and agitators of political reform, but did not direct the secret political societies or counsel the premature resort to arms. The characteristics which ensure safety during storms are not those which command popular favor. Then there was a greater variety of opinions among the rich and cosmopolitan elements than among the rural natives. Some were attached to Spain by interest or sentiment. Others were moderate reformers—and these were in imminent danger when the panic began. Of the three leaders in discussion who employed the press at Madrid to disseminate their ideas, thus escaping the censorship at Manila, two died just before the struggle began. The most eminent of the group of cosmopolitan idealists, Dr. Rizal, was shipped out from Spain to suffer under Polavieja, in December, 1896. Thus the practical capacity of these men was never tested, nor were their ideas fully developed. Their colleagues

in Manila generally escaped execution, but provincial lawyers and notaries, physicians and druggists, were given the extreme penalty for plotting separation from Spain.

The season selected by many eminent professional men for testifying their loyalty to the Filipino dream of nationality was in the month which followed the American occupation of Manila and the acceptance of Aguinaldo's claims throughout the island of Luzon. Then lawyers like Arellano and Paterno, and surgeons like Albert and Pardo de Tavera proffered service, and a Filipino university was organized with numerous and competent professors, at least in the departments of law and medicine.

Capitalists were no less timid than professional men, and few of them would have been involved in persecution but for the temptation offered by their possessions. The brood of informers and confiscators spared few millionaires of native blood and liberal antecedents. Several of this class were shot. Others escaped to Paris or Hong-Kong, and from these points cabled their allegiance to the Filipino Republic when that institution seemed firmly established.

No prominent class of natives was more thoroughly distrusted and abused by all classes of Spaniards than the secular priests of Filipino blood. Liberals regarded them as idlers and parasites. The friars refused to admit them to the monastic orders, thus confining them to ill-paid curacies, and depriving them of social influence and civil authority. In 1872 a group of native priests ventured to urge the exclusion of the friars from settled parishes in accordance with the decree of the Council of Trent. An opportune mutiny of the native garrison of Cavite was made the instrument of a plan to suppress discussion by garroting the clerical agitators. Three priests—one of them a doctor of divinity—suffered this shameful penalty.

#### FRIARS VS. SECULAR PRIESTS.

In 1896 a few of the Filipino clergy were shot, while many were imprisoned, flogged or otherwise tortured to secure evidence for the persecution of their countrymen. All classes demand the substitution of secular priest for friars and Filipinos for Spaniards. But there seems to be no disposition to endow the native clergy with the privileges which their predecessors forced the Spanish monarchy to grant. Three centuries of ecclesiastical domination have consumed the patience of the most docile and superstitious

of races. Apologists insisting upon the claims of the monastic orders have specified their services in checking political development by espionage and obscurantism. The history of Spanish colonial empire forbids the perpetuation of clandestine influences in civil government.

Another class of agents of Spanish authority has also been kept in the background by the Filipino leaders. Their army must contain thousands of soldiers trained by service under Spanish colors. Doubtless, many of them have earned commissions, but Estrella, once a lieutenant in the civil guard, is perhaps the only one bearing the title of general in the army of the revolution.

It may be that observers have noted the disgrace and danger attending the development of militarism of the Spanish type. The history of Spain in the nineteenth century exhibits a succession of military adventurers, alternately zealous in repression and mutinous in faction. While the Filipinos have copied Spanish tactics and uniforms—even the golden badges of the dictator being borrowed from the captain-general—they have suppressed soldiers of exorbitant pretensions, as in the case of the dashing general, Antonio Luna.

As all natives have been excluded from posts of responsibility—in order to find methods for rewarding nomadic partisanship—the administration lacks experienced civil servants. Petty clerks and tide-waiters still exist, but they are apt to cling to administrative centres to enjoy the advantages of commercial and international corruption. Aguinaldo has had efficient secretaries and interpreters, but his cabinet has not been made up of clerks.

Among the numerous exceptions to the amnesty proclaimed by General Polavieja in 1897 were "the founders, venerables, presidents and propagandists of the *Katipunan* and Masonic societies." These orders have been subjected to unmeasured vituperation, and their leaders have been made responsible for all the horrors, real and imaginary, which have defaced the pages of Philippine history since 1896. But the very names of the president and cabinet named by secret societies in that year are now forgotten, and their leadership did not survive the first months of open rebellion. It may be that the present chief had relations with these leagues, but it will hardly be claimed that Aguinaldo ruled as the successor of Bonifacio.

The legend of the *Katipunan* includes a series of documents directing "the assassination of all Spaniards" or other foreigners. Efforts have been made to associate schemes of plunder and murder with every political movement among the natives. It is useless to attempt the destruction of ancient myths while the original shop is still open for the supply of new ones, but it is plain that the artist's name is generally uncertain. The attribution of a futile proclamation of savage instinct to men distinguished for intelligence and practical humanity is an unworthy device characteristic of Spanish tyranny in the Philippines.

#### NO LEADERS HALF-BREEDS.

Another vituperative fashion is revealed in such phrases as "half-breed leaders" and "half-caste rebellion." These epithets are sometimes supplemented with gossip about somebody's "maternal grandfather," but they mostly disregard facts. During the past generations many rich Chinese have traded in Manila, and they have earned or purchased social recognition for themselves and education for their descendants. Doubtless some of the professional and commercial classes mentioned above might acknowledge traces of Chinese descent among their members. But no leader of the Filipinos is in any strict sense a half-breed. Of the two classes of *mestizos*, those of Spanish and of Chinese strain, the former have been made a privileged class, and have rarely preferred the race of their mothers. *Mestizos de Sangley* mix with native families, and the crosses soon become indistinguishable from the Tagalo or aboriginal stock.

Malay and Tagalog have also been found convenient labels of ethnological contempt, and the Spanish chroniclers always wrote of the "Tagalo insurrection," and branded that branch of the Filipinos as semi-human monsters. This trick has the inconvenience of distorting fact and causing miscalculations of force and endurance. An eminent English traveler, Mr. W. G. Palgrave, compared the Tagalo with his neighbors, the Ilocan and Visayan, and found him "distinguished above all others for energy of character" and other admirable qualities. Moreover, it is easy to compass deceit by exaggerating the tradition of hostility between the natives of different provinces. This appeared when certain journals in Manila chose to call the local revolutionary government at Iloilo "the Visayan Republic,"

in spite of the terms of the native proclamation.

But even the outbreak of 1896 had its recruits and its victims among the *Visols* of Nueva Caceres and the *Ilocans* of Vigan. In 1898 Cebu and Zambales broke into belated rebellion, which was suppressed by the last act of the Spanish naval forces. In 1898 similar provincial insurrections, doubtless stimulated by emissaries from Luzon, put an end to Spanish domination in the Philippines.

#### AGUINALDO.

The vital energy of these later movements cannot be dissociated from the personality of Emilio Aguinaldo, a Tagalo of the Tagalos, a municipal captain and the son of a municipal captain. He was born in Cavite Viejo, and became the chief magistrate of that town before reaching the age of twenty-seven. A few months later he tried to make his birthplace the capital of an Oriental republic. Before the end of 1896 he had beaten the forces of Captain-General Blanco in two brisk engagements, and snatched the reins of authority from the feeble hands of the *Katipunan* cabinet. His financial affairs have also a place in history. Upon his marriage in 1896 he borrowed a few hundreds of dollars to provide a home. In 1897 the Spanish authorities, after offering thousands to get him killed or captured, promised millions to induce him to become an exile. Under some pressure from defeat and privation, a treaty was accepted, and the leaders sent to Hong-Kong in January, 1898. The English courts limited Aguinaldo's share of the indemnity to less than three per cent. of \$400,000 in Mexican silver. But the fund was kept intact, and employed for the purchase of arms when Spanish duplicity and Admiral Dewey's victory justified the revival of the insurrection.

From his birth in 1869 to his assumption of authority in 1896 Aguinaldo's career was commonplace. He did not go abroad for education or adventures. The photograph of a Chinese sailor has been published as evidence that he served under the dragon flag. In reality, he went to college in Manila, but failed to win a degree from his clerical masters—probably because he did not attain perfect command of the Spanish language. For a few years he had obscure employment near home. It is said that he was a schoolmaster, a clerk in a store, or a writer at the Naval Arsenal. His public life began when the twelve electors chose him to succeed his



father in the onerous and unprofitable cares of a municipal captain. Since his return from exile he has never lacked funds. Taxes have been levied and contributions offered by rich and poor. The congress found time to vote their president a civil list of \$50,000 and an allowance of \$25,000 for "representation," that is, for display, during each fiscal year.

Yet there is no evidence that his personal tastes are extravagant, or that he has ever indulged in the vanity of exclusiveness. His political career, under the titles of *generalísimo*, dictator and president, shows readiness to assume responsibility and a tendency to assert his own will. His first proclamation, dated October 31, 1896, summoned his people to achieve independence under a constitution like that of the United States, and "the strictest principles of liberty, equality and fraternity." Similar proclamations in May, June and July of 1898 contained declarations of independence and directions for applying the military and municipal codes of Spain under dictatorial authority. He did not like the parliamentary constitution adopted by the congress because it made the cabinet responsible to the representatives of the people, preferring to keep them in dependence upon his personal will.

The data for a final estimate of this agent of destiny remain beyond our reach. He has never been convicted of corruption or cruelty. His treatment of Spanish prisoners was humane and even generous compared with that which Spain has given her rebels in any civil contest of the nineteenth century. In July, 1898, many prisoners captured by the American forces were placed in his custody. But he has not been able to guide his people into paths of peace, and his season of authority seems tending toward a tragic termination. When darkness has encompassed him, the historian may say of him, as Carlyle said of Danton, that, "he walked straight his own wild road, whither it led him."

Emilio Aguinaldo had a brother, Crispulo, who fell at the storming of Imus in 1897. He has a cousin, Baldomero, who was justice of the peace at Cavite Viejo before the insurrection, and was summoned to General Augustin's absurd Advisory Council on May 4, 1898. During the rest of the era of revolution "Berong" has been an active and unscrupulous rebel, and his dealing with public funds has forced his relative to order his arrest and dismissal from office.

Although Baldomero Aguinaldo still survives, other inconvenient persons have been

removed from the path of the revolution. Andres Bonifacio was an orator and organizer of the walking-delegate type who operated the secret machinery of the *Katipunan* when not engaged in his duties as a porter at the warehouse of a German firm in Manila. He had himself named as president of the council of that order and directed some futile suburban demonstrations when the active co-operation of the clergy and the police brought about numerous arrests and caused an ill-concerted outbreak. Aguinaldo soon found reason to denounce this pretender for corruption and cowardice, but his life was spared until Cavite province was laid waste by Lachambre's division in May, 1897. During the wild retreat which terminated at the mountain fastness of Biacnabato, Bonifacio perished. He had been wounded, and had become a burden to his desperate company. The story goes that Aguinaldo refused to desert the pretender when hard pressed, and that a resolute retainer solved the problem by shooting Bonifacio. A similar instance of unscrupulous loyalty on the part of Aguinaldo's guard terminated the brilliant and turbulent career of General Antonio Luna two years later. Apparently a series of defeats has avenged the death of this dashing leader.

#### LLANERA AND CUENCA.

Among the municipal captains of an older and ruder generation than Aguinaldo may be mentioned Mariano Llanera, who still bears the title of a general bestowed upon him in 1896, after his attack on San Isidro, the capital of Nueva Ecija. His conduct in this caused a Spanish writer to call him "the reverse of the medal of which Aguinaldo is the face." The movement began, as usual, for the rescue of certain local notabilities dragged to prison in the first days of the September panic. Llanera led his mob in an irresolute fashion and wasted opportunities by plundering. The Spanish officials and their families were defended by native civil guards until the arrival of troops from Manila. Then vengeance was exacted for the single Spaniard slain. After killing the prisoners in cold blood the troops hunted down every Filipino of wealth or education, and brought the score up to 300 before desisting from slaughter.

Felix Cuenca, Captain of Bacoor, has been able to hold his post through many changes of flag and fortune. His neighbor, Aguinaldo, made him president of a curious military court, "constituted like the Tri-



bunal of the Inquisition to put an end to all wickedness," according to a lively letter sent by his fugitive daughter, Micaela, to her comrades at the Normal School. The captain survived various seasons of blood and fire in Cavite province and was recently installed by the Philippine Commission as president of Bacoor under American sovereignty. He may be able to employ his political tact in restoring domestic peace to that battle-scarred municipality.

Among the professional men who offered a tardy allegiance to the cause of the revolution may be mentioned Arellano, now chief justice of the American court in Manila, and formerly minister of foreign affairs, and Paterno, late president of the revolutionary congress and of the council of ministers. Both are lawyers of education and ability, and both received many favors from Spanish authorities.

#### PATERNO, THE VERSATILE.

The adventures of Don Pedro Alejandro Paterno are curious and instructive. After a brilliant experience in Madrid he took place among the academic and official elements of Manila, and published a variety of literary efforts, poems, novels, historical chapters on ancient Filipino civilizations, and an excellent study of the abortive municipal reforms granted in 1894. He lived with his father and brother in patriarchal style in the Calle San Roque, but the establishment was far from splendid. In fact, a kindred family practicing the art of embroidery had a better house. Degrees and decorations made up a large part of Paterno's capital.

The rebellion gave him a chance to employ his talents in declamation and intrigue. After charming Aguinaldo from his stronghold, he assumed the title of arbitrator, and the airs of a savior of society, demanding the rewards granted for his services in pacifying the Philippines. The events of May, 1898, obliterated his treaty, but could not destroy his ambition. As leader of the loyal element, he presided over the belated Advisory Council until its members went astray after Aguinaldo, in spite of their pledges of zeal for the cause of Spain. Then Paterno became a cobbler of constitutions and an advocate of autonomy. His activities were confined to Manila, since the rebel camps were closed to shuffling negotiators.

After the fall of Manila Paterno lost no time in joining the triumphant revolution. He was well received—his countrymen hav-

ing a weakness for eloquence and literary reputation. As president of the new congress he conducted the debate on the constitution, with some leanings toward Spanish forms and favor for the supremacy of the Catholic Church. Although he met defeat on this point, he was placed at the head of the first parliamentary cabinet, and still follows the nomadic fortunes of the native government. Doubtless, Paterno will offer his assistance whenever an era of negotiation returns and his talents may be found available. There are limits within which such men can be trusted and posts where consistency is not indispensable.

His recent colleague, Felipe Buencamino, may not be judged so charitably. He has held profitable employments under Spain, and his aspiring gratitude found expression in an extravagant eulogy of General Weyler, whose tendencies were exhibited in the Philippines long before they became notorious in Cuba. In 1898 Buencamino came to the front as a militant loyalist and his legal practice for active service as colonel of "the Loyal Pampanga Regiment." A native colonel was a startling novelty, but Spanish officers volunteered to serve under him, and the Manila journals abounded in praise. The regiment was never called upon to face the Americans. After a few skirmishes in Cavite province, the men joined the army of the insurrection. Their colonel had preceded them by presenting himself to Aguinaldo as a diplomatic agent, and professing conversion after a few days spent in luxurious confinement. In a letter to the captain-general, dated at Cavite, June 9, 1898, Buencamino said that he had been regarded at first as "another Paterno," until he had learned that Aguinaldo's victories proved that the revolution had the "special sanction of heaven." Thereupon he signed himself, "Your Excellency's intending rebel," and proceeded to improve the situation. As a lawyer with a turn for epistolary rhetoric he became a cabinet minister, but his bulk made bush travel inconvenient, and he fell into the hands of American troops late in 1899, along with \$2,000 in gold—perhaps a remnant of the regimental fund of the Pampanga volunteers, whose colonel did not settle his accounts with the Spanish treasury before transferring his allegiance to Aguinaldo.

#### THE LUNA FAMILY.

The three brothers of the Luna family form a group of cosmopolitan associations

and varied talents. Juan Luna has exhibited pictures and won a series of medals at the Paris *Salon*. Antonio was a chemist employed in the Municipal Laboratory at Manila. José was an educated physician. The brothers are said to have been admitted to some personal intimacy with General Blanco—a distinction which exposed them to the wrath of his enemies and that of the Filipino people. All the Lunas were dragged to prison in September, 1896, and Antonio had to face the court-martial made up of generals and colonels in January, 1897. He escaped with his life—not because the court had any inclination to mercy. He became a soldier and war minister of the new army, and was noted as a knightly figure by our soldiers as they advanced to the attack of the intrenched towns along the railway. He fell in a rash attempt to force his way into Aguinaldo's quarters in defiance of his guards.

The chief victim of the general's court was Don Francisco Roxas, an enterprising business man and an honorary member of Blanco's Council of Administration. History has no means of estimating this man's share in the plots of 1896, but the extent of his fortune was notorious and fatal. His relative and associate, Don Pedro Roxas, escaped to Europe and found a defender among the conservative leaders in the Cortes at Madrid. The affairs of the firm were conducted by an official administrator, and remained in confusion at the exit of Spanish authority. Other millionaires were shot in order that their estates might be seized—notably two contractors residing at Cavite.

Though wealth has its dangers, there is no native aristocracy to serve as a target for vengeance. The only inherited dignity among the revolutionists derives from the heralds and martyrs, from José Rizal and Marcelo Hilario del Pilar. Paciano Rizal was an ineffective general until he was made a prisoner. Pio del Pilar bears the reputation of a truculent and mercenary agitator. Gregorio del Pilar, who came from Hong-Kong in the "McCulloch" along with Aguinaldo and remained faithful unto death, was a nobler character—lacking neither culture nor dignity.

#### A FORECAST.

In the proclamation of January 4, 1899,

General Otis offered this assurance to the Filipinos: "I am fully of the opinion that it is the intention of the United States Government, while directing affairs generally, to appoint the representative men now forming the controlling element of the Filipinos to civil positions of trust and responsibility."

Whenever it becomes practicable to attempt pacification on a moral basis of consent the terms of this offer may require modification. The classes which General Otis sought to engage have already been decimated and the remnant may be proscribed. It has been urged that the whole Tagalo population must be exterminated in order to destroy this particular "controlling element." The baldest numerical statement disposes of this suggestion; the Tagalo provinces contain nearly two millions of people. Similar figures show the obstacles, military and economic, to the installation of a complete administration of alien elements to rule by arbitrary methods.

Two systems seem available for dominating the Philippines. The Spanish system set up sovereignty as a screen covering the clandestine and corrupt activities of migratory officials and grasping corporations. Such agencies are alternately predatory and vindictive in their efforts to suppress discussion by exciting panic. They forced rebellion upon the unorganized natives in 1896, and they drove Blanco from the islands because he hesitated over the issue of decrees of extermination. These agencies are ready to advise and assist in the resumption of the policy for which Spain's resources were inadequate. If an American policy is to prevail; local affairs may yet be managed by the native municipalities based on popular elections and provided with a due share of revenue. The *principalia* has furnished the revolution with its most popular and consistent leaders, and would naturally provide most of the elected magistrates. For the educated class, some system of representative councils might serve to disarm discussion, since there must be irritation and intrigue without such openings. Finally, it may be that a few broad American principles will be found more practical than the counsels of generations of Oriental and Spanish oppressors.



"May 'e live long an' flourish! Mr. Wheatley, gentlemen!"

## AT THE END OF HIS SERVICE

By C. M. WILLIAMS

PRIVATE JOHN WHEATLEY struck the keys of the quavering piano with beer-wet fingers, and the other six soldiers roared the chorus of the "Rowdy, Dowdy Boys":

"Strollin' 'round the town,  
Rollin' up and down,  
Havin' a jolly good time, you bet,  
Tastin' ev'ry kind o' wet—"

The red tips of cheap cigarettes and rank cigars—Wheatley had tabooed pipes—and the yellow flare of gas glowed obscurely through the smoke. All about the small, overheated, reeking room were scattered the scarlet tunics, the white, pipe-clayed belts, and the Scotch caps of the linesmen. The men, their gray flannel shirts open at the breast, lolled in chairs. A ten-gallon cask of beer stood on tap in a corner. On the table were whiskey bottles, glasses, cigars and cigarettes.

Two nights before, Wheatley had won fifty

dollars from a civilian of the town at a game of billiards. His backers, other civilians, had taken thirty dollars. With the remainder Wheatley was entertaining his friends in the manner best beloved by them, and by him in these latter days. For drink stupefied the demon of Remembrance that possessed him; and in the fog of intoxication the antic, backward-pointing gestures of the imp were blurred and lost, its jeering whispers were stingless.

But a man cannot be drunk all the time when his wage is a shilling a day, and none knew better than he the tortures of remorse. Private John Wheatley had once been owner of another name, and had moved in a circle far from the drinkers and rioters of his regiment. But constant forgetfulness would not come. Fate—whose plots no man can fathom—had left in his path one who kept the memory-imp writhing and whispering. This man who had known him in his former

life, and now knew him in his present place, and despised him—not because of his fall, but because of the manner of his fall. This man was a captain in the regiment. Never by word or sign had Captain Castlemon shown that he knew Wheatley. He had exchanged into the regiment after Wheatley had joined. But Wheatley knew that he knew; and he hated Castlemon blindly with a hate strong enough to stir even in the depths of drink, and to lead him to the deed which is recorded here.

In the breathless pause that followed the song, Wheatley idly played from a book which stood open on the piano. The melody of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" throbbed softly on the heated air.

"'Ere, I say!" cried a husky-voiced bloated bandsman; "stow that bloomin' stuff. Give us 'The Man Wot Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo.' I'll oblige."

Then the volunteer croaked:

"Oh, Hi've just got 'ome from Patee,  
From a sunny southern shore, oh!"

Wheatley banged out the accompaniment. When the ditty of the miraculous gamester was bawled to the end the bandsman sat down and another arose.

"Gentlemen," said the soldier, "charge your glasses! I wish to give a toast."

Beer ran rapidly into the glasses. But Wheatley took whiskey.

"Order, gentlemen," continued the speaker. "I give as toast our 'ost, the giver of this 'ere 'feast of reason an' flow of soul,' the bloomin' lucky beggar who is free of service in a month, Mr. Wheatley! May 'e live long an' flourish. Mr. Wheatley, gentlemen!"

A storm of "'ear, 'ear," and "Mr. Wheatley!" broke out. Then the rioters, seizing the occasion for more promiscuous bellowing, roared, "For 'e's a jolly good fellow!" Wheatley laughing loud and long, played a thunderous accompaniment to the complimentary song. When finished, he arose.

"Gentlemen," he said, "many thanks. I'll not make a speech, so let's have another drink. Fill up. Hold there! No beer this time, take whiskey, and I'll give you a toast worth drinking in strong liquor. Are your glasses filled? Then drink with me to the long life of Captain Castlemon!"

He tossed down the liquor, but no other drink to that toast went further than to the lips of his companions. As readers of the finer shades of meaning in speech they were,

perhaps, deficient; but the plain, elemental tone of hatred hissing through Wheatley's utterance of "*Captain Castlemon!*" was plain to them. Therefore, the whiskey fumed undrunk as they stared in silent surprise at Wheatley.

"He's in a bad way," the bandsman whispered.

He certainly was. His red hair fell tangled over his forehead, his eyes were as glass, fixed and dry, and spots of angry red mottled his pale face. For to-night drink failed utterly to subdue the surging thoughts, the bitter chagrin that possessed him. Through the fumes in his brain the fiend of memory peered mockingly. The casual playing of the "Spring Song" had been as a voice from his lost past. The mention of Castlemon's name, in a mood of irritable recklessness, had awakened a spirit of mad frenzy strong enough to lead him whither it would. Fate gave to it opportunity. In the surprised silence sudden footsteps sounded in the hallway without. A curious feeling thrilled the revellers, an undefined fear fell upon them. They divined that these approaching footsteps were a development in the drama precipitated by Wheatley's words. Their gaze ran to the open door and fastened there.

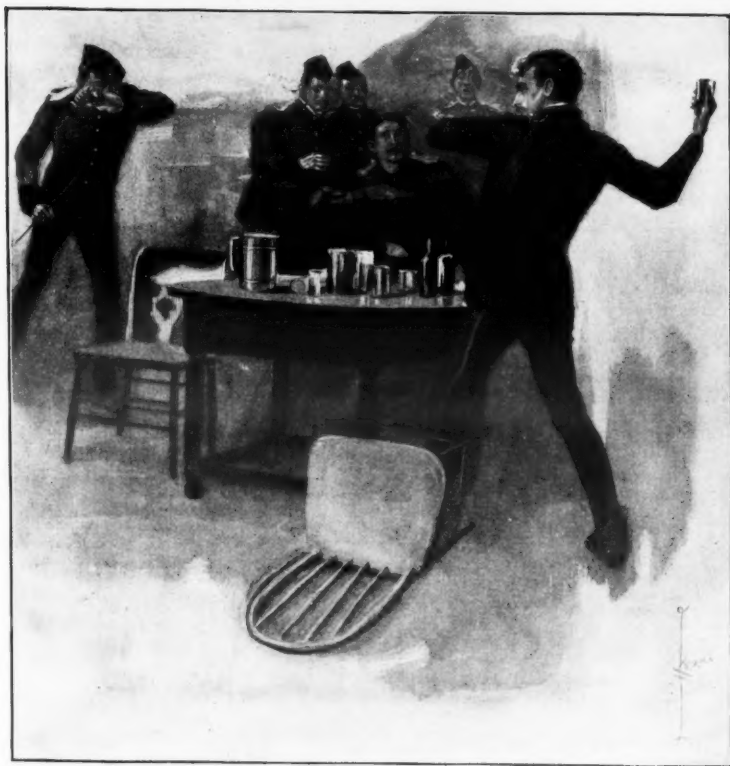
The hotel was not one usually patronized by the officers of the garrison, else the revel would not have been held there. Yet one officer had occasion to visit it that night. Now he paused in the open doorway, struck by the strange picture of silent, gazing men within—men of his own regiment, too, and obviously misconducting themselves. It was Captain Castlemon.

Wheatley saw and recognized him; and the hate flamed in his eyes. Castlemon was to him as a strong light revealing his bitter degradation, when all he wished was darkness in which to hide his broken and wasted life. Therefore he hated him.

There was a moment's pause. Wheatley stood in the foreground gazing at his officer. He swayed slightly where he stood, and there was a strange smile upon his pallid lips. Then he raised his glass, poured out more liquor into it, and repeated his toast—with a change in its wording.

"Drink to Captain Castlemon—and death to him!" with which he dashed the glass into the officer's face.

Grinding an oath in his teeth, the captain sprang forward, his light cane uplifted. Wheatley caught his belt from the floor, sprang aside, swinging it, and brought its



"Drink to Captain Castlemon, and death to him!"

heavy brass buckle savagely down on Castlemon's head. The captain fell with a moan.

The astonished soldiers, as though electrified into action, sprang for Wheatley. He leaped quickly over the body, cutting at the face as he did so, and sprang down stairs for the street, the six soldiers at his heels. If those six boon companions of Private Wheatley had laid hands on him just then things would have been exceedingly unpleasant for the gentleman ranker. But drunken men, unless they have the spur to endeavor that Wheatley had, are not fast runners, so they returned to the hotel. Captain Castlemon met them in the doorway. The buckle had fallen flat, fortunately for him. The soldiers gathered up their accoutrements and, under arrest, they were marched to Wellington Barracks and the guard-room.

Meanwhile Wheatley was running hard to the south, on the road to the fort in Point Pleasant Park, where he was stationed. He

met no one to bar his path. It was past eleven o'clock. Fifteen minutes' hard running put him clear of the town.

The road was bordered by the harbor beach on the left hand, and by the park trees on the right. A faint moon in a dull sky painted the roadway dimly. Sometimes the road ran through trees that touched overhead, and then the road went dark, and he ran in blackness. He came to such a place after running about a mile and a half, where on the peninsula the city of Halifax stands. He pushed on through the gloom, hearing with quickened breathing the faint night sounds about him, the whisper of wind-moved trees, and the murmur of hidden water.

Quickening his pace, he came out upon the point, and following the road as it turned to the right, to skirt the beach, he saw the low, dark buildings of the battery and paused. He asked himself, as he stood

panting and shaking, whether they knew of Castlemon's death—he never doubted but that he had killed the officer—but the blank silence told him nothing. So, with supreme recklessness, he walked to the gate in the stockade and rang the bell. He was admitted quietly.

In the barrack room his mates were sleeping peacefully. He moved softly to the arm rack, took his rifle—a Martini-Henri—and twenty rounds of ammunition. Opening the breech, he slipped in a cartridge. Then he stole out of the room and across the small parade ground, keeping in the shadow of the big guns which face the sea. He climbed the stockade and took to the woods towards the shore.

Escape, he knew, was impossible, or near-

ly so. Still, he could die fighting, and he wished for nothing more. At least, Castlemon, too, was dead, and the thought filled him with savage joy.

His handicap was small. As he entered the woods the telephone bell rang in the battery. Ten minutes later a detachment of twenty men under command of a sergeant issued therefrom in pursuit. At the same time, Captain Castlemon, with another detachment, was marching through the town, gathering information from stray policemen who had seen the fleeing man, but who had been too wise in their generation to interfere with a soldier running amuck.

Messages, moreover, were ticking over the wires to all the forts and lookout stations which surround Halifax, giving warning to all to watch for the man who had broken loose.

Wheatley headed directly for the ferry, which was some three hundred yards from the battery. Emerging from the wood upon the open beach, he saw a small man leisurely tying a boat on the slip by the waterside. Softly advancing over the sand to the little man stooped over in his work, the half-mad soldier thrust the muzzle of the rifle against his back.

"Leave those oars in! Run the boat into the water!" said Wheatley. "Quick!"

The order was promptly obeyed. Wheatley stepped in the boat and pushed off.

"Now go!" he said, leveling his rifle. He had a swift desire to fire at the fleeing figure, but refrained.

The little man went, swiftly, blindly—and came nigh unto sudden death, for he blundered almost on top of a nervous soldier, one of the pursuing forty, who nearly, very nearly, loosed at him, having before his eyes a lurid vision of an armed madman lurking in the shadows. However, the little man suffered nothing more unpleasant than brief captivity, the consequence of which was that in a few minutes two boats had been requisitioned for the service of the Queen. Soon the rowers were pulling hard after Wheatley, who was making for the opposite shore of the harbor.

A little later Captain Castlemon and his party were also afloat and rowing seaward to the east, where rifle fire flamed.

The situation had developed thus: Wheatley had been turned from his dash for the western shore by a boat which had put off from York Redoubt, whose Gibraltar-like walls frowned at once upon land and sea. He turned and rowed desperately for the shore



"He climbed the stockade and took to the woods toward the shore."



of MacNab's Island, which lies under the eastern shore of the harbor; but when he came close in he saw red coats moving through the trees. He could see them plainly, for the moon now shone free of clouds. Again he had turned and now pulled for the open sea. In his blind haste, he had run his boat aground upon a patch of nearly submerged rocks some fifty yards from shore.

Even to his dazed mind, it was plain that escape was now impossible. All he hoped for now was fighting room. He allowed the boat to drift away after landing on the rocks. He put his cartridges in a dry place, and went upon one knee amid a mass of wet seaweed.

"Now come and take me!" he cried out, grimly.

He adjusted the rifle sight at three hundred yards (they found it so next day), and fired three shots at the nearest boats. The balls threw up jets of spray about the rowers, and they stopped, to wait for an officer. The boats were soon together. In one of them sat Castlemon, his head bandaged and an ugly cut across his cheek.

"What shall we do, sir?" asked the sergeant.

"Do? Why, do nothing," said Castlemon. "He's safe enough where he is, with his boat gone." The captain laughed a little. "The tide is rising, and in half an hour he must sink or swim. Then we can take him without trouble."

So they rested on their oars, the calm moonlight glimmering on their rifles and bright buttons. The water was still as a mill-pond. No wind stirred. Only from the shore came a sound murmuringly to the night-held, silent world. There the incessant sea boomed softly—like the

Dead March, with muffled drums and muted brass.

Wheatley, puzzled by the inaction of his hunters, wondered why they did not come on. But the wonder ceased when he casually noticed that he was up to his knees in water. Before it had scarce covered his boots. He grew cold all over, then flashed into a frenzy of rage. To be cornered like a



"Leave those oars in!"

drowning rat! He raged aloud. He had sent his boat adrift in the expectation of immediate fight, in which a merciful bullet would have surely ended all, and now he was caught harmless—yes, like a drowning rat.

There was no hope for him anywhere under the sky. There was but one end for him—ignoble death. Ah, not that, not that! He swore it. There was one way left to



"'Now come and take me!' he cried out, grimly."

escape. And, at least, Castlemon's ghost was before him on that path.

He stepped forth from concealment and fired shot after shot at the boats, hoping to draw their fire. He cursed his hunters for cowards. No answering shot came, although one of his bullets cut neatly through a rowers' arm.

"That's his nineteenth shot," said the sergeant from the battery. "'E had twenty. But what's 'e doin' now?"

The tall black phantom on the rocks—he seemed to be standing on the water, the tide had crept so high—had laid down his rifle carefully, and was drawing the boot and stocking from his right foot.

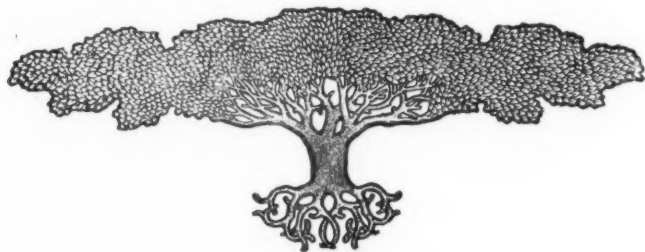
"Ah, 'e's goin' to swim for it!" exclaimed the sergeant, and the rowers, their blood throbbing with the excitement of man-hunting, stretched their oars eagerly.

But Wheatley bared no more than the right foot. Then he stood erect, and the moon shone upon his haggard face as he swept earth and sky and sea in one last look upon an implacable world. He slipped his last cartridge into the rifle, snapped the lever up hard, grounded the butt upon a submerged rock, placed his forehead upon the muzzle, and thrust the trigger down with his naked toe.

What I am told Captain Castlemon said when the body tumbled into the water is this:

"My God! this will break her heart!"

Whom he meant I do not know, but, whether mother or sweetheart, Private John Wheatley's interest in her was past and gone.





# THE BILTMORE ESTATE

BY

## PHILIP POINDEXTER

TO have a fine taste for the magnificent, and the means with which to gratify that taste, is a very happy and at the same time a pretty rare conjunction. But it is rarer still to know how to shape such a conjunction so that the best results may be obtained. It seems to me that in the construction, if I may be pardoned the expression, of the great Biltmore Estate, in the mountains of North Carolina, the owner, Mr. George W. Vanderbilt, showed that he had taste of a high order and exceptional knowledge in using his great means to the end that his taste might be gratified. At any rate, he has the finest country place in America, and there are few, if any, in the world comparing with it in magnificence of design and splendor of setting. Moreover, when Mr. Vanderbilt began the making of this place he was quite a young man, being well under thirty; now when he is only about forty, the place is as complete as anything, save Time, a workman who cannot be hurried, can make it. As a general thing, only old men or mature men have the desire and the placid disposition for such an undertaking. The result usually is that when the house is about finished the projector dies, and some one else, not infrequently a stranger, enjoys what the elderly man had planned for himself. This happens so fre-

quently that one often hears that it is of ill omen for an old man to move into a new house. But Mr. Vanderbilt can have the natural expectation of enjoying his Biltmore property for many years, and the rational hope of seeing his children grow up there and be prepared on the spot for the administration of the estate when he has passed away.

Among the very rich young men in this country Mr. George Vanderbilt holds a place all his own; I do not say apart, for I do not believe that he is unsocial; but he is different from the generality of rich young men. His inheritances are supposed to have aggregated twenty millions; if that be anywhere near the mark, it is quite likely that he has acquired this vast estate, even though it cost eight or nine millions, out of his income, and without impairing his capital. But of this no one not in the confidence of Mr. Vanderbilt can speak with even an approximation of certainty. In the outset, I should like to say that I am not in Mr. Vanderbilt's confidence; indeed, I do not know him except by sight, and never spoke a word to him in my life. What I set down here I have obtained by observation, and from records accessible to all who will take the trouble to examine them. But my observation goes back several years, and began before the completion of the château.

Since then I have visited Asheville several times, and so have extended my knowledge of the Vanderbilt estate which lies near to the pleasant and picturesque health resort that is the capital of the ever-famous Buncombe County.

Mr. Vanderbilt went to Asheville some fourteen years ago on account of his health. He was so impressed with the beauty and the salubriousness of the Blue Ridge Mountains that he concluded to purchase property in the mountains and build himself a home.

of this area is forest, the remainder is in farms, gardens and nursery plantations. In deciding how he should improve the mountain lands he had purchased, and how he should administer the improved estate, Mr. George Vanderbilt has displayed not a little of that practical business ability which enabled his grandfather to found and his father to enlarge one of the greatest of modern fortunes.

In securing the services of the eminent architect, the late Richard M. Hunt, and



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A View from Biltmore House.

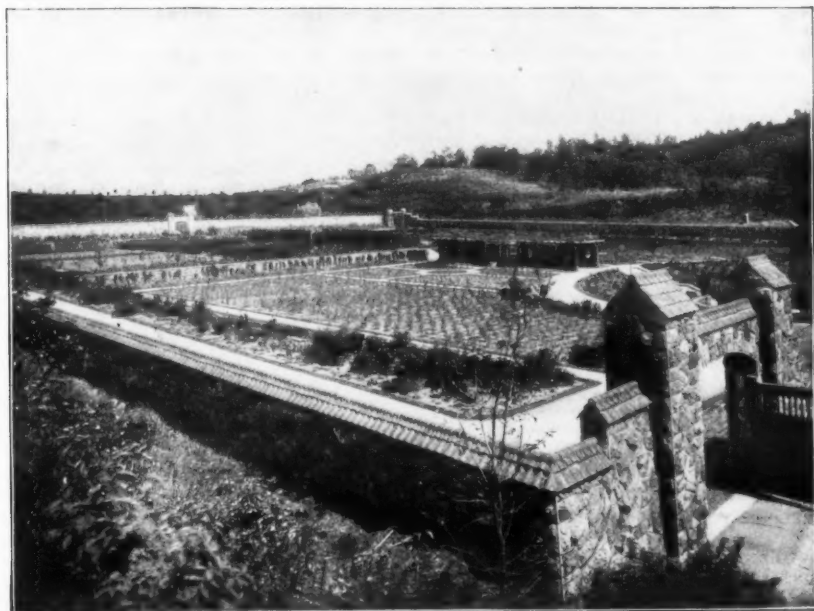
Whether or not he had at that time any conception of the splendid idea he has carried out I have no knowledge. But his first purchases of property were on a large scale, for he bought in 1887 about 7,500 acres. Later, he bought lands further in the mountains, including Mt. Pisgah (some 5,000 feet in altitude), until now he has about his château and within sight of it, nearly 100,000 acres. But when we speak of the Biltmore Estate we allude to the lands and the forests about Biltmore House. These do not now exceed 8,000 acres in area. About half

the ripe experience of that great park builder, Frederick Law Olmstead, Mr. Vanderbilt got the two very best men for the purpose in the country, probably the best in the world. These two men could look at a large proposition in a large way, and their work at Biltmore is a monument to their breadth of vision, as well as to the sagacity of Mr. Vanderbilt in entrusting his great scheme to them. I say this, even though in the very next sentence I declare it my belief that the château, which is Mr. Hunt's *magnum opus*, and at the same time the most beautiful



*Lindsey photo, copyright, 1900.*

The Biltmore Herd.



*Lindsey photo, copyright, 1900.*

The Aquatic Gardens.

house in America, does not blend with the surroundings, but stands glaringly a thing apart. I do not like to say this, and I should not do so were it not that this is the great "show place" of the country, and no one ever goes to Asheville without visiting it. Now, I do not like that persons of taste who read this magazine, and have seen or will see Biltmore House, should have the right to say that I have been indiscriminating in my praise. I shall presently speak briefly of the architecture of the château, and then probably even those who have not seen the place will, with the aid of the pictures accompanying this article, understand what I mean.

There was not enough even ground at the site chosen for the house, and so an amount of grading equivalent almost to moving mountains had to be done. Then the whole plan of the estate was treated with reference to this central place and the two rivers which water the estate, the French Broad and the Swannanoa. Think of what a charming and interesting problem Mr. Olmstead had to solve. To lay out from a central table land a vast park surrounded by a hundred mountain peaks, with two beautiful rivers flowing through the park and forty farms nestling in the woods. It must have made him feel young again; he must have looked back at his youthful work in Central Park in New York as an undertaking of his apprenticeship. His plan, it seems to me, had in contemplation all the time the assisting rather than the transformation of nature, and the assembling of the various parts of the estate into a comprehensive whole. In assisting nature it was necessary very frequently to make new plantations of trees where land had been wrongly denuded of trees, and by other simple, natural expedients, with never a resort to the petty devices which so frequently shock the traveler in Continental Europe. Nothing appears to have been done for the sake of prettiness. Prettiness would be a vulgar offense on an estate about which mountain peaks keep watch and ward, over which there is the thin and poetical haze of a mountain atmosphere to temper the glare of the steely Americansky. Mr. Olmstead scorned to be pretty, and chose to be simple and grand. Even in the use of flowers, mere prettiness was not sought. Grandness was achieved even in the gardens, and one May I drove for miles through the estate, seeing on either side of perfectly constructed roads, azaleas and rhododendrons in fragrant bloom, while beyond the woods were white and

beautiful with the blossoms of the dogwood tree.

He assembled the parts of the estate by a system of roads and bridges without example on any private property in the United States. Here was a most excellent work. I have no hesitation in saying that the roads in Buncombe County, North Carolina, in January, February and March are as bad as roads can be. There seems to be no bottom to the red clay of that mountain soil. Even many of the streets of Asheville are hub deep in mud for several months in each year. Now Mr. Vanderbilt has shown to these people the convenience of macadam roads. Maybe, after a while they will learn also the economy of being able to get from place to place at a small expense of labor. We cannot be too sure of this, however, for a large percentage of the people in the neighborhood, excluding the negroes, are entirely illiterate. They can neither read nor write, nor do they know how much money one of them should receive when he sells six dozen eggs at twelve and a half cents a dozen. Such people may be slow to read the new roads aright, but Mr. Vanderbilt has placed a great object lesson before them. On the estate there are some fifty miles of perfectly drained and well constructed macadam, while the road to Mt. Pisgah brings the total up to almost seventy-five miles. Native stone, not of admirable quality, has been used in making these roads. If the traffic were heavy in the summer they would soon wear out. It is incomprehensible to me that a road for pleasure driving should ever be made without a dirt road alongside of it. The dirt road, if drained, is better to use eight months in the year, and it is during those very months, that is in dry weather, when there is most wear on the stone road. To use a stone road in wet weather improves it; in dry weather the metal covering, which is only a roof for the soil below, is ground into a disagreeable dust. This object lesson is chiefly for the neighborhood; but there is one other which is of national importance. I allude to the scientific treatment of the forests.

We have been criminally wasteful in our treatment of the forests in America. Our great grandfathers looked upon the forest as the great enemy of man, and so vast areas were destroyed to get arable land, and the wood wantonly burned to get it out of the way. Later, the lumber and the tanning interests have been just as wanton in their destruction, and now the paper makers are



destroying in most wholesale fashion. As a matter of fact, all the good that has come from this forest destruction might have been achieved, and a very much larger area of woodland preserved. But we have been a "slap-dash" people with a disposition to hustle rapidly to whatever end in view. We

are suffering now by reason of previous improvidence, and posterity will not bless us for our present recklessness. It

is true the Government has taken up the subject, through the Department of Agriculture, and

several of the states have taken action to preserve some public forests. Mr. Vanderbilt is the first private owner to take up this matter of scientific forest administration on a large scale. Scientific administration does not, it must be borne in mind, contemplate the non-use of the trees, but the

rational use so that the forests will not go out of existence, but, on the contrary, so that new growths will always be maturing to take the place of the old. Such administration also contemplates that the forest should always be a

source of income, and not one of outlay, more income, indeed, in even so short a time as a generation, than would be obtained by cutting down all the trees and marketing the various kinds of wood. It was such administration that Mr. Vanderbilt wished to inaugurate when he asked

Mr. Gifford Pinchot to make a survey of the Biltmore forests and develop a plan of management.

Lying near the centre of the distribution of the flora of Eastern North America, the supply of native trees at Biltmore is naturally large and varied. Deciduous trees are

in the majority, and the white oak is the most common. Then follow in the order of frequency in the forest the black oak, scarlet oak, and Spanish oak. There are also a few specimens of other members of the

family, like the chestnut of the red, water and shingle varieties. But more numerous than these infrequent members of the family, save the chestnut oak, are the short-leaf pine, chestnut, hickory, black gum, maple, and tulip tree, the latter sometimes called the yellow poplar. The black locust and the

sassafras have increased of late years, while the black walnut has about died out as a forest tree.

In addition to those mentioned, there are distributed in various parts of the estate, all of them being of natural growth, this list of trees:

Cucumber, papaw, basswood and white basswood, holly, sweet buckeye, sugar maple, black maple, soft maple, red maple, box elder, staghorn sumac and poison sumac, both the black and honey locust, wild plum, wild cherry of both the black and red varieties, crab apple, haw, scarlet haw



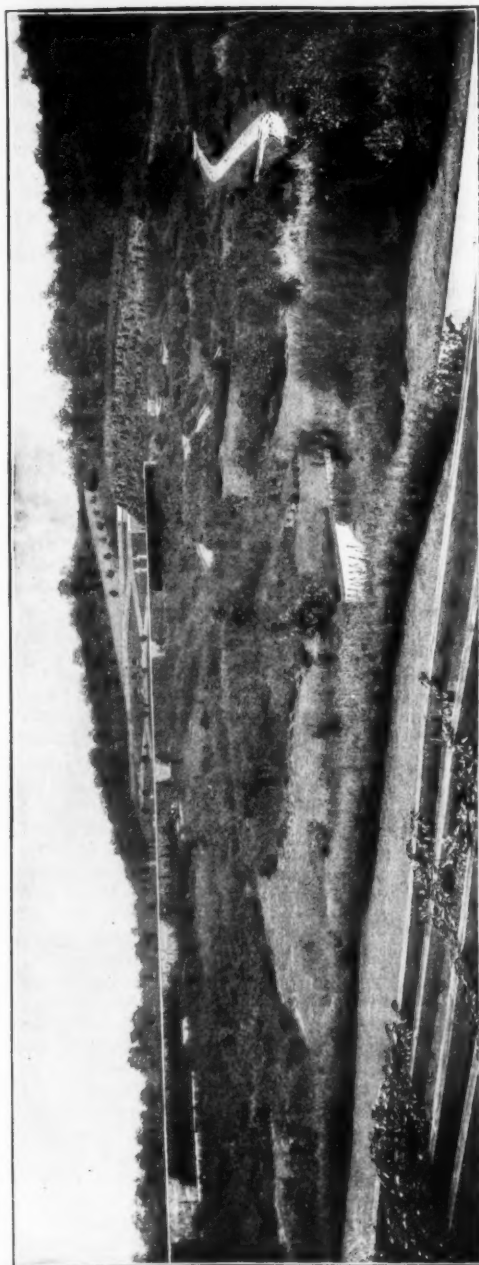
Lindsey photo, copyright, 1900.

One of the Biltmore Roads.



Lindsey photo, copyright, 1900.

Walk to the Tennis Court.



The Gardens at Biltmore.

Lindsey photo, copyright, 1900.

and summer haw, shadbush, witch hazel, flowering dogwood, stagbush, sourwood, laurel and great laurel or rhododendron, persimmon, rattlebox, white ash, fringe tree, red elm, hackberry, red mulberry, sycamore, hickories of the bigbud, shellbark, pignut and bitternut varieties, chincapin, beech, hornbeam or ironwood, both river and black birch, black alder, black willow, poplar, balsam, cottonwood, red cedar, hemlock and pines of the white, pitch, scrub, table mountain and short-leaf varieties.

Not all of these have a mercantile value, and before the estate was purchased by Mr. Vanderbilt they were allowed to grow indiscriminately and in the most promiscuous fashion by the number of small farmers who owned the properties of which the estate is made up. That so many varieties of trees and shrubs will thus grow naturally is of advantage in view of the fact that Mr. Vanderbilt is establishing here one of the most complete arboreta in the world.

The forest comprises a little over one-half of the estate, which stretches along the banks of the French Broad for about six miles. In all, there are 3,891 acres of woodland. The forest is very irregular, as a result of the clearing operations of the many previous owners, all of whom had their own necessities and their own ideas of how land should be cleared. The axe has in some parts entirely denuded the land of trees, and fire has served a similar purpose in other portions. Density of growth, therefore, varies considerably, both as to the young and the mature trees. Two things have at least been proved by the work that has been done at the forest. These are that large trees, surrounded by a dense growth of smaller ones, may be felled and removed with comparatively very unimportant injury to the young crop, and that the additional cost of the necessary care beyond that of

ordinary destructive lumbering is so small as to be out of all proportion to the result. If this latter fact should be established later on in other parts of the United States, its importance to the future success of intelligent forestry will be of inestimable value to owners of woodlands.

This "selection" system will be carried on over the two-thirds of the estate that is situated on the west side of the French Broad. On the other side of the river the regular High Forest system is to be adopted. There the land has been divided into ninety-two sections, and there, in a theoretically perfect forest, the trees will be cut in one section after another in rotation until the whole ninety-two sections have been cut, when work will again begin on Section 1, and be followed year after year until the whole ninety-two sections have again been gone over with, when the rotation work will begin again. Mr. Vanderbilt, young man though he still is, can hardly expect to see this plan carried out and the theory of a perfect forest growth proved. That will be left to his heirs.

While watching the growth of this theory, he will have a chance to amuse himself with the creation of a model forest, also for his heirs. This is being made according to the plans of Mr. Olmstead. Already there are in the nursery more kinds of trees than there are in the Kew Botanical Gardens, near London, and the number is constantly increasing. These trees, when they have attained the necessary growth, will be set out alongside what is to be known as the Arboretum Drive, a road five miles in length, and winding through the most charming portion of the estate. The drive is being lined on either side, to a depth of one hundred feet, with the products of the nursery, thus making one of the most novel and beautiful arboretums in the world.

For the benefit of mankind at large, and especially for men interested in forestry, a careful record of the treatment of the trees is to be kept for a forest botanical library, which is to be as magnificent and complete as everything else in connection with the estate. This is rather an extended notice of the forestry at Biltmore, considering the scope of this article, but the character of the work has such a grand public significance that it is fascinating to dwell upon it. The present forester is Dr. Schenck, a German expert, who is carrying out Mr. Pinchot's plans with possibly here and there a modification.

There were something like forty farms in the area included in the Biltmore Estate. These farms, when acquired by Mr. Vanderbilt, were like others in the neighborhood, and cut up into fields where a rather primitive method of agriculture was practiced. The usual crops were grown, and the farmers, like most others in that section, lived rather crudely, and were moderately content with a somewhat "hand-to-mouth" existence. They grew the usual crops common in that section, practicing rotation for fertilization as is done in other places where intense tillage is not practicable. Mr. Vanderbilt is now farming these various fields, which have been to a great extent assembled by roads and the removal of fences, on a large scale. His purpose here is to make the agricultural operations profitable. How far he is succeeding I am not prepared to say. Some of this farming land struck me as quite fertile, but the most of it, I fancy, is what the natives in that section call "pore," without any perceptible dwelling on the "r." If he shall eventually make all the farming land profitable he will have done a good service to agriculture, which, as at present practiced in many parts of the United States, is only a little bit advanced over the method used three thousand years ago, when the ancients scratched the soil with bent stick for a plow. Of course, he is conducting experiments. No intelligent man of means could till the ground and not do that. But he is not doing what is generally understood as "fancy farming." That method, I take it, is to put as much in the ground as possible and take as little out. On the other hand, Mr. Vanderbilt is growing his crops for the market, keeping records of what each crop costs, and what it fetches in the market. With such records, accurately and honestly kept, an intelligent man can tell in a few years what and what not he can raise to advantage. This, I believe, is all that is being attempted in the farm department of Biltmore.

There is one small farm bounded on every side by Biltmore property which has not yet been acquired by Mr. Vanderbilt. The little farm, only a few acres, belongs to a respectable negro, who drives a public hack in Asheville. I have often heard it said that this independent negro had always refused to sell, no matter how high the price, because he preferred to keep his own home. This little yarn has been printed with variations from Maine to California. As a matter of fact, the respectable but unfortunate

negro hack driver cannot give a good title to his few little acres, and so Mr. Vanderbilt has never bought. That is all there is to the much exploited anecdote.

There are other departments, too, for fowls in great number are kept, also sheep and cattle and hogs. In raising fowls of various sorts, all the modern improvements are in use, and in the various runs are chickens of all the most improved breeds. The cattle are of the Jersey and Guernsey kind, and the herds are large and promising. From the Biltmore dairy, Asheville is largely supplied with cream, milk and butter, and

commanding site of which was chosen on a natural terrace, amplified and completed by the art of the landscape architect. The site opens directly upon a valley, from the opposite side of which rise the forest-clad mountains. The face of the terrace is revetted with masonry, forming a rough and picturesque retaining wall, extending a considerable distance beyond the building at the sides, and bounding an ample esplanade upon which the château stands. This platform is extended behind the house into a level expanse divided into a "rampe-douce" or plaza laid out in grass and walks, and a



*Landscape photo, copyright, 1900.*

Biltmore House, Rear View.

many rather silly jokes are made about Mr. Vanderbilt, the milkman. The sheep are native stock, improved by crossing with rams of more fashionable strains of blood, while the hogs are of the Berkshire breed. Mr. Vanderbilt has as yet not gone into horse breeding to any extent. As to whether he has that in mind, I am not informed. But it would be a good thing for the neighborhood if he did. At present, few horses are bred thereabouts, and most of the horses in Asheville are brought from Kentucky and Tennessee.

And now back again to the house, the

water garden at a lower level. The approach to the house is thus, on the side of the entrance front, an example of symmetrical, highly formal and artificial gardening, while the prospect from the opposite front is of unbroken and primeval wilderness. This contrast has been carried out in the architecture. On the side of the approach it is a rather highly elaborated version of the architecture of Francis I., of the architecture of the châteaux of the Loire. Not only is the architecture itself rich and decorative, but the effect of it is heightened by the free employment of decorative sculpture, which

sometimes becomes, as in the statues of the spiral staircase, independent sculpture, and challenges attention for its own sake, as well as for the contribution it makes to the architectural effect. On the other side, the forest front, the architecture is much more severe, being no further elaborated in detail than is necessary to expound its construction.

The architecture of Biltmore House derives much of its interest from its attempt to do what the builders of the châteaux would probably have done if they had been let alone by their royal employers. This purpose is as evident in the exquisite detail of the main entrance, and in the design and detail of the rich dormers, as in the staircase. The general composition of the entrance front is worthy of its detail. It has a very effective balance without formal symmetry, and the variations in the counter-parting features on each side of the massive central tower that signalizes the main entrance are more effective as well as more expressive than would be mere repetition. Architecturally, Biltmore House is a noble château, in addition to the interest, unique on this side of the ocean, that it derives from its possession of the dependencies and surroundings that are necessary to make a true château. But, as before declared, it does not, as yet, fit into its surroundings with such entire satisfaction as to prevent a feeling of disappointment when the visitor takes in both château and surroundings at once. It is, however, as a house, the most beautiful piece of architecture we have in this country.

Just outside the entrance lodge to the

estate is the village of Biltmore, in which is the office of the estate, the railway station and post office, and also the church and rectory. The village does not amount to much yet, but plans have been made for its extension. Streets have been laid out, sewers have been put in, and the pavements are without doubt superior to any in North Carolina. The proprietor does not sell any of the houses, but rents them, and he has, I am told, the intention of making it a model home village, where comfort shall be general, and virtue get its abundant reward. Model villages have not been remarkably successful in this country, where the best of us have a yearning to plant on soil of our own the vine and fruit tree under which we live. That disposition has hitherto interfered with the model village just as it will hinder the growth of the single tax propaganda. But Mr. Vanderbilt may succeed at Biltmore, the houses of which are now supplied with modern conveniences of the most recent and improved sort. They not only have their houses lighted with electricity in Biltmore village, but the cooking is done as by lightning. The tithe to the church is not burdensome to Biltmore villagers, as Mr. Vanderbilt pays all the charges, including the rector's salary.

I have often heard cheap cynics say that this Biltmore enterprise was foolish and vain. I hold quite the contrary view, and I trust that what I have written, though written without such purpose, will show that Mr. Vanderbilt, while gratifying his own taste is also attempting on pretty large lines to do a public service.



Lindsay photo, copyright, 1900.

The Swannanoa River.

"Swannanoa! Nymph of Beauty!  
I would woo thee with my rhyme,  
Brightest, gladdest, sunniest river  
Of our sunny Southern clime."—Sidney Lanier.

# TALES OF THE CHEMISTS' CLUB

By HOWARD FIELDING

## VIII—EVERY MAN HAS HIS PRICE

**B**ERTRAM J. RITCHIE was a mining chemist in Dawson, and he was not making money. He was a failure there, as he had been at home. Behold him pacing the floor of his laboratory and swearing aloud to the bare walls and meagre furnishings that he had but one desire in life, which was to get away from Dawson.

The reason why he did not leave Dawson was to be found in his trousers' pocket. He could not pay his way. It was equally true that he could not remain, except to starve, unless fortune relented. He would much rather have seen a chance to get out than a chance to stay and make his living. He was sick of the place.

In most respects it had proved to be just what he had anticipated. He had always possessed a singular talent for discounting misfortune. It may be said that his single reason for satisfaction with himself was that he had never been so foolish as to look for good luck anywhere. Yet of all the calamities that he had foreseen in this particular adventure, none could approach in the quality of misery the one that he had encountered unexpectedly. It struck him as a last proof of fate's injustice that in coming to that howling wilderness he should have run into a snare of love.

Yet he perceived it very early. The first time he met Jennie Winsted he knew why she was there. He reasoned it all out after their first half hour of acquaintance.

Miss Winsted was in Dawson City in her father's care, though her version was that she had come to take care of him. He was a person about whom nobody seemed to know very much—in which respect he was by no means singular in that city. He said that he came from Boston, and no man could prove the contrary. He seemed to have plenty of money, for he and his daughter lived as well as people could live in that region at that time. It was said that Winsted was prepared to speculate in mining properties, but he was not known to do anything of that sort in the first months of his residence there.

He was a singularly placid individual, on the surface; a man of strong frame, of a genial countenance—such as Capital wears when depicted hand in hand with Labor in a "prosperity" cartoon—and of most benign demeanor. It is not to be supposed that he favored Ritchie's attentions to his daughter, yet he viewed them with the most unmoved composure and put no perceptible obstacle in the young man's way. Unfortunately, the daughter was quite as calm as her father, by which token Ritchie knew that he had not one chance in a million of winning her. And it was all preposterous, anyway, because he was a poor beggar who would never be richer, and would probably starve to death in the coming winter. The only thing for him to do was to pull up stakes and get away, so that he might be spared the humiliation of starving in her presence. But a man must have either money or exceptional nerve to get out of that country, and Ritchie had neither.

The information which has been imparted to the reader was the basis of Ritchie's reflections, as he paced the floor of his laboratory, anathematizing fate. His steps and the flow of his language were interrupted by the sound of voices, and the creaking of a staircase. Presently three men entered the room. One of them he knew slightly, the second he remembered having seen, and the third was a tall young Englishman who was a total stranger to his eye.

"Good-morning, Professor Ritchie," said No. 1, whose name was Atherton. "Shake hands with my partner, Mr. Tripp, and then with Mr. Medway, of London."

Ritchie said good-morning, and acknowledged the introductions in the manner suggested.

"We've come on a little matter of business," Atherton continued. "I suppose you know all about my uncle's claim, up Burnt Creek?"

"I know that your uncle died a short time ago," replied Ritchie, "and that you were supposed to be his heir. I also knew that he



had dug quite a hole in the ground, along-side of Burnt Creek. I believe he called it the Yellow Dog, didn't he?"

"Right you are," responded Atherton; "that was his name for it. Well, the estate is all squared up, now, and the Yellow Dog is mine, or, to be exact, two-thirds belong to me and one-third to Mr. Tripp. To tell the truth, I didn't believe the claim was good for anything until a few days ago, when I got my legal business settled, and took it into my head to have a look at the Yellow Dog. Tripp and I went up there, and we came back with the conclusion that that dog was a valuable animal. He is yellow with gold, professor. Mr. Medway, also, has had a look at him, and he wants to buy him."

"Well, you know," said Medway, apologetically, "I'm considering. I'm not altogether convinced; but upon my word the ore looks good—and I've seen a good deal of that kind of rock; really, I have, you know."

"We want you to make the assay," said Tripp. "There's a boxful of specimens outside, on a wagon. They were taken under Mr. Medway's eye, and according to his directions—and I'm bound to say that he's all right when it comes to that sort of business."

"I sampled the main lode at intervals of ten feet," said Medway, "breaking the ore across the full width. You'll find everything in good shape for your work, and when that's done we shall know as much about this matter as anybody can know about a mine."

"You see," said Atherton, "this is all an open negotiation. All we want is to get at the real value of the property, and no advantage to be taken on either side. Is that right, gentlemen?"

Tripp nodded with a somewhat savage emphasis, for he happened to be biting off a piece of plug tobacco at the time, and the Englishman said, "Quite so," very politely.

During this conversation Ritchie had been consulting his memory regarding Atherton with a result exceedingly meagre in the matter of good report. He had had so bad a reputation just before his uncle's death that that event had been viewed by many with suspicion. As frequently happens in such cases, the discovery that the suspicion was baseless had gone far to rehabilitate the young man in popular esteem. Moreover, he will gain friends who falls heir to property; and Atherton's uncle had been reputed well off, though he was one of those men whose

left hand does not know what the right hand doeth.

Tripp had the air of an "old-timer," and he did not look honest. Medway, the Englishman, bore himself like a gentleman. He was probably thirty years old, but he looked much younger; and he had the unduly confident manner of a smart boy.

Altogether, the case seemed clear enough—a matter of a lamb and two wolves. The chemist felt a strong disinclination to assist in the slaughter. However, if certain samples of ore were offered him for analysis he could hardly do less than put them through the process and pocket his fee.

At the suggestion of Atherton, his partner and the Briton went down to get the box of ore. No sooner was the door closed behind them than Atherton turned quickly toward the chemist, and walking up close to him, said in a low, intense tone: "There is money in this for you, if you do the right thing." Ritchie felt that he ought to be angry, but it simply wasn't in him. He had worried and suffered until he hadn't energy left for a strong sentiment of any kind.

"Bogus report, I suppose?" he said, wearily, sinking down into the only good chair in the room.

"Don't let that bother you," said Atherton. "I know how you're fixed. You can't afford to be honest. Your name is Dennis if you do. I'm right onto you. You haven't got money enough to do one thing nor the other. You can't either quit or hang on. Here's where you get your chance. That fellow Medway has got more money than a horse can haul down hill, and he's no baby. Anybody that can fool him will earn what he gets. You ought to have seen him at work out there in the Yellow Dog. There ain't a man on the Yukon that could have made a better examination of a claim. He's fair game, that fellow!"

"If he's so sharp a man," said Ritchie, "why didn't he tumble to the fact that the claim was no good?"

"That rock would fool anybody," responded Atherton. "Tripp and I know there's nothing in it, but you won't, until you've run it through your mill. Now, quick; what do you say?"

"I won't do it," said Ritchie; but he spoke without spirit.

"Will you take the stuff in here and keep it till I can have another talk with you tomorrow?"

Before the chemist could answer, Tripp and Medway appeared at the door with the

box. They put it on a table, and invited Ritchie to take a look at it. He complied like a man in a dream. This thing had fallen in so opportunely that he was dazed by it. He had been declaiming his willingness to do anything that would get him out of Dawson City, and Satan had taken him at his word. Did fate mean to make a rascal of him? If so, judging by the record of his past performances, he would probably become one. Anything to oblige destiny, was his motto.

The ore looked good. As Atherton had said, it would fool anybody. Ritchie found it hard to believe that the stuff was worthless, though he had once or twice seen equally promising rock with no tangible value.

Tripp and Atherton were obviously anxious to get their victim away, and they succeeded before Ritchie could make up his mind upon a course of procedure. When they were gone, the chemist sat by the table trying to think. He made poor work of it, being dead-ly tired in the brain. He would fancy himself engaged in formulating a line of action, and would wake with a start to find his thought busy with a problem of years gone by, a question of conduct long ago decided the wrong way. Again, he would picture himself denouncing Atherton, on the following day—speaking a speech to him full of high moral principles and absurdly unsuited to the person addressed.

While his mind was thus running around like a squirrel in a revolving cage, accomplishing nothing at great expense of energy, he was suddenly aware of Medway, who entered in haste.

"I've got rid of those fellows," said he, "and now I want a few minutes' quiet talk with you."

"You can't talk too quietly to suit me," replied Ritchie; "I've got nervous prostration."

Medway looked as if he thought the chemist expected him to laugh, and then he shifted to the serious side of the proposition.

"You've been having a hard time," said he. "I know that; and it's the real cause of my being here. Atherton thinks it's your reputation for honesty, and that I trust you. No, sir; you're hard up, and you've made up your mind not to stand it any more."

"Suppose I have," said Ritchie. "What then?"

Medway leaned forward and tapped him on the knee. In the Briton's hand were some coins, which jingled as he tapped.

"You'll give me a private report on that ore," said he.

Ritchie had hardly expected the lamb in this transaction to show so much worldly wisdom.

"Why, what's the game?" he asked, stupidly.

"They think the Yellow Dog is no good," said Medway, "and they intend to bribe you to make a favorable report to me. Take their money; take my money, and make three reports, one privately to Atherton that the claim is no good; another privately to me, stating the facts, and a third to all of us, containing whatever they want you to put into it."

"You can all go to blazes!" cried Ritchie. "I don't want anything to do with you."

Medway laughed.

"You'll feel better about this to-morrow," he said. "Sleep on it. But for the love of heaven get to work on that assay as soon as you can. I'm scared gray-headed for fear some one else will come along and make them an offer for that property. Ten thousand dollars would buy it, and unless I've lost my eye, it's worth fifty times as much. My terms with you will be these: A full price for your work, anyway—and you can get another one out of Atherton, so you're a winner, anyhow—and, if my game works, ten per cent. of the difference between what I pay for the mine and its honest value."

"Get out," said Ritchie.

Medway laughed, and made a hurried exit, saying, as the door closed: "Think it over; think it over."

Ritchie tried to think it over; but the harder he tried, the less he accomplished. Experience had taught him that when he got into that condition he could find some small relief in work. So, having nothing else to do, he began to prepare some samples of Yellow Dog ore for assay. No sooner were his hands busy than his brain evolved a rational idea.

"I'll make an honest assay of this stuff," said he to himself, "and force those fellows to pay for it. I'll charge them enough to get me out of this forsaken wilderness, and they won't dare to refuse, for fear I'll blow the whole story."

With this inspiration, he went to work in earnest, and was speedily conscious of a betterment of spirits. Presently he found himself thinking of Jennie Winsted, and in a pleasant vein. In utter hopelessness he was trying to earn enough money to take him forever out of the sight of her, and yet

as he worked he indulged himself in day dreams of success in the world and the winning of her favor.

He ate with appetite at noon, and his pipe was more than ordinarily satisfactory when he set it alight in the laboratory after returning from dinner. He remembered to have felt this unreasonable sense of cheer, many years ago, just previous to his one brief run of good luck. Was the sensation prophetic? This problem occupied a good share of his thought for an hour or more, and then a most unexpected occurrence drove it out of his head. This was no less than the appearance of Mr. Winsted.

Ritchie had never been thus honored before; and he was childishly pleased, the more that Mr. Winsted should have found him busy, and such a weight of ore upon his table. The coincidence was astonishing; indeed, it is probable that Winsted was surprised by what he saw, but he was far too well-bred to say so. He greeted Ritchie most politely, and sat down on a cracker box with the grace of one who is at home in the drawing-rooms of the rich and great.

"Very fair looking rock," said he, indicating the ore.

"It is indeed," replied Ritchie.

"Any objection to telling where it comes from?"

"No objection to telling you," rejoined the chemist. "It is from a claim on Burnt Creek that they call the Yellow Dog."

The statement seemed to make a considerable impression on Winsted. He rose from the cracker box and paced the width of the room twice or thrice.

"Do you know a man named Syd. Culom?" said he, suddenly.

"Never heard of him," responded Ritchie, frankly meeting a searching glance from Winsted. "Why?"

"He told me this morning that I'd better look into the Yellow Dog property," said Winsted. "I didn't know but he might have had the tip from you. That wasn't in my mind when I came here, however. I was only thinking that perhaps you could help me to get a line on the value of the claim."

"I don't know anything about it myself, yet," said Ritchie. "I'm going to make an assay for young Atherton and an Englishman named Medway—who may purchase."

"One assay for both parties?"

"Yes; it's an open business. No, it isn't either. Why should I lie to you? It's a crooked game on both sides."

And he told Winsted the whole story.

When he had finished, the elderly gentleman went to the door, and softly opened it. There was no one in the hall, so he closed the door again and walked up to Ritchie.

"Give me an advance report on this stuff," said he, "and I'll make it worth your while."

Ritchie whistled.

"This is a pretty good day for bribery and corruption," said he.

"Never you mind that, my son," responded Winsted. "Remember which side your bread is buttered on, and let others attend to their own. Those fellows are trying to cheat each other; why shouldn't an honest man step in and get the property. Your Englishman thinks ten thousand would buy it, if offered spot cash. I'll put up the money and give you a tenth interest."

It is unnecessary to follow the conversation in detail. The charitable reader will remember Ritchie's unfortunate condition of mind and his still more distressing condition of heart, and will pity rather than censure him for agreeing to this nefarious proposition. When Winsted had gone, the young man sat for many minutes with his head in his hands, a prey to remorse. Then he sprang up, and began to rave. He swore that all was fair in love and gold mining; that the moral law was well known not to extend north of the fifty-fifth parallel of latitude, and that any man alive would do the same under similar conditions.

Having relieved his mind in this way, he went to work with vigor. No leisure and short allowance of sleep was his rule from that time forth, during the course of these analyses. He was occasionally interrupted by one of his three tempters—four, indeed, counting Mr. Tripp—and he agreed to every proposition made to him; but he touched nobody's money.

It was four o'clock on a certain morning when he finished his work, and made the last of his calculations. From the full report, he made a brief abstract in which the results of his analyses were shown in three classifications as follows:

	Ounces of gold per ton.	Value per ton.
No. 1. . . . .	6.44	\$137.70
No. 2. . . . .	5.89	117.96
No. 3. . . . .	6.27	125.48

The Yellow Dog was a surprisingly good property, judging from this assay and from what Medway had said about the general characteristics of the lode. If Winsted could buy it for \$10,000 he ought to be a good

father-in-law to the man that had given him the opportunity.

This thought in confused form was in Ritchie's brain, as he turned from his work in utter exhaustion. Throwing an old fur coat upon the floor and drawing the first thing he could get his hand on over him for a coverlet, he prepared to sleep upon the problem involved in his singular situation.

When he awoke it was noonday, and the problem had solved itself, for there sat Winsted beside the table digesting the result of Ritchie's labors. The young man had forgotten to lock his door before he slept.

"Well, upon my word," he exclaimed, raising his stiffened and aching frame from the floor, and glaring at his visitor.

Winsted nodded pleasantly, as he thrust the report into his pocket.

"It's all right," he said, "I'm going to find Atherton. You'd better take another nap."

He was gone before Ritchie could interpose any objection. As quickly as possible the chemist followed. Winsted was out of sight. In these circumstances it seemed to be Ritchie's duty to hunt up Atherton and Medway, and make a report to them.

He sought them all day, and for some hours of the evening, vainly. At last, in great weariness, he went to bed.

On the following morning he decided that the best thing to do would be to wait in his laboratory. It should be a certainty that those he wished to see would come there during the day.

At four o'clock in the afternoon they had not appeared. At five there came a young Indian with a note. It was from Jennie Winsted, and it ran as follows:

"DEAR MR. RITCHIE: I know that you are perfectly innocent, but father is crazy. Atherton, Tripp and Medway have decamped together. Of course, you know by this time that father bought the mine for \$15,000 cash. It was all a swindle. The ore that you analyzed never came from the Yellow Dog mine. It was bought somewhere else. Medway, of course, was in the plot. They got that fellow Cullom to give father the tip, and they knew he'd go to you, because we

all like you so much, and you have been seen so often with father and me. It's dreadful; but don't you worry. I won't let father do anything bad. A little bit of money won't hurt him. He is very rich, richer than you'd believe if I told you. So cheer up; I'll stand by you. Through thick and thin, I am

"Yours most truly,

"JENNIE WINSTED."

For one instant Ritchie was stunned. An alternating current of bad and good news had shocked him to the marrow. Then he slowly came to a realization of what it all meant.

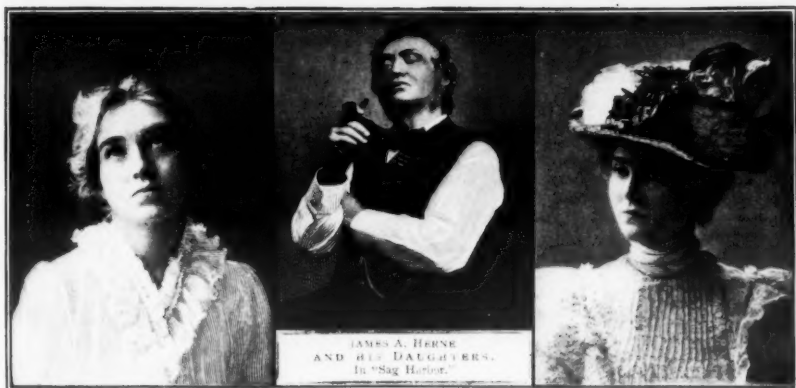
"The old man's abuse of me has done the business!" he cried. "It has put Jennie on my side, and all is won. Now let me starve or freeze; I am content with any fate. Heaven bless Atherton, and Tripp, and Medway. May all their past sins be forgiven and all their future ones be profitable. They have saved me and made a man of me. It is the turn of the tide."

He danced around the table, to the great amazement of the youthful Indian, whom, at last, he surprised even more by a large gratuity.

Ritchie saw nothing of Winsted in several days. He received, however, several notes from Jennie describing the varying conditions of her father's feelings, and her own warfare upon Ritchie's side. Then, one fine day, Winsted walked into the laboratory, smiling as sweetly as ever, and with extended hand.

"I've thought this thing out," he said, "and you're not to blame. I swindled myself; that's the fact about it. Jennie has shown me how the case really stands. She's a bright girl, and she likes you. She wants you to come up and take dinner with us today. And I like you, myself; be hanged if I don't. She's talked me into it. I think you and I can make some kind of a partnership. I believe you're an honest man, and I need your advice. I—I want you to help me soak somebody else with that Yellow Dog claim."

"As an honest man," said Ritchie, "I can't view that proposition with favor. But I will go to dinner."



## TOPICS OF THE THEATRE

"AUGUSTUS THOMAS is the greatest dramatist we have," said a prominent manager very recently. If all cannot agree with such unmeasured praise, a glance at the list of plays by Augustus Thomas will convince the most sceptical that this dramatist is at least in the rank of the greatest Americans now living. To mention only "Alabama," "In Mizzoura," "Arizona" and "Oliver Goldsmith," is to recall that the success of these pieces has been not only popular but to a degree critical. "Alabama" lasted for several years in this day of short-lived drama. During the run of the play, many critics complained that "Alabama" had too much atmosphere and too little action. But the audiences continued large and profitable. "In Mizzoura" likewise was notable for atmosphere at once accurate and emphatic, combined with which was a larger admixture of action. "In Mizzoura" is the best play ever written for Nat Goodwin. "Arizona" is another ex-

ample of the skill Thomas possesses to seize the color and drama of a state and transfer them to the narrow confines of the stage. In "Oliver Goldsmith," the comedy which Stuart Robson suggested that Thomas write for him, the dramatist has labored in a period and a country quite foreign to him. The result has been no less happy. It would be difficult to hit upon a character more suited to figure in a comedy

than "Nolly Goldsmith," himself the author of two immortal comedies. Think, also, of the old and celebrated friends of ours that surround Goldsmith. We have Boswell, Burke, Doctor Johnson, Garrick and Mary Horneck. But we miss Beau Nash and Sir Joshua.

In contrast to this series of successes, Augustus Thomas has suffered two notable failures, "New Blood" and "The Capitol." Failures though they were, the merit they showed would have sufficed to give reputation to an unknown playwright. Thomas' "Arizona" has had an



Ye Rose Studio.

Frank Worthing.

Leading in the original production of "Naughty Anthony."



Pach photo.

Hilda Spong.

Daniel Frohman's Stock Company.



Morrison photo.

Harry A. Burkhardt.

In "Quo Vadis."

unusual career. It was first produced last summer in Chicago, with a company recruited from the support of several stars. The success was instantaneous. Throughout the season of 1899-1900 "Arizona" has visited most of the big cities east of the Mississippi. New York alone has had to be content with the reading version of the play. The "city of twin rivers," supposedly the authority on the drama of the country, will not see "Arizona" till next season.

If one were to judge by the run of New York plays, "Arizona" must be a high type of dramatic achievement for the very reason that it has been brought forth and thriven without the sign-manual of New York's approval. This sign-manual has long been considered of great advertising potency on the road. It is related that in the remotest way stops, where companies play for a night, purchasers of tickets invariably inquired in advance whether the "show" comes from New York.

The answer is always in the affirmative. All shows come from New York. If the whole truth were told, it might be added that some of them have come from New York very precipitately. It is because this New York verdict is so generally sought that New York theatre-goers are persecuted with so many utterly useless productions.

"Quo Vadis" has at last seen the light of the calcium—and in Chicago. The initial production scored so heavily that there are now almost as many "Quo Vadis" companies as there were "faithful" translations a couple of years since. One consideration that

perhaps withheld the dramatization of "Quo Vadis" until this late day was the checkered fortune of "The Sign of the Cross." Both plays have several features of identity. "The Sign of the Cross" came close to being a flat failure when produced in New York. The play was soon shifted from a first-class to a second-class theatre. Later it was sent on the



Ellaline Terriss.

In "My Daughter-in-Law."



road, where it has made money for the past two years. In the original production of "Quo Vadis" Roselle Knott, an earnest and intelligent actress, made an individual hit as *Lygia*.

It is agreeable to note the prosperity of Mrs. Sarah Cowell Le Moyne as the star in "The Greatest Thing in the World." There is much to be said for the play that can succeed under such a cumbersome title. The story is of a mother's love redeeming a son inclined to dissoluteness and dishonesty, and as well of the widowed mother's love-match. The part



*Chickering photo.*

May Buckley.

In "Hearts Are Trumps."

has been fitted to Mrs. Le Moyne's distinguished talents, that became delightfully familiar in "The Moth and the Flame," and in "Catherine." From the time Mrs. Le Moyne returned to the stage after several years devoted to elocutionary work, the critics have shown lavish admiration for her unique capabilities. Nothing is more common than to hear the critic condemned as a sour-tongue long lost to the sense of appreciation. An example therefore of the enthusiastically appreciative critic is in kind a compliment to the guild. Here is a paragraph from the



*Pach photo.*

Jessie Busley.

In "Hearts Are Trumps."



*Chickering photo.*

Nora Dunblane.

In "Hearts Are Trumps."



*Pach photo.*

Selma Kronold.

Castle Square Opera Company.



*Portrait photo.*

Joseph Wheelock, Jr.  
Empire Theatre Company.

columns of a well-known critic who evidently is not callous to dramatic excellence when he sees it:

"The Greatest Thing in the World," in brief, is an appeal to what is most intellectual and wholesome and refined in human nature. Conceiving their story and working it to a culmination, Miss Ford and Mrs. De Mille have gone back to the simplest and most primal tenets. They have dealt with filial and maternal regard as that subject has not been dealt with since the days of the early English dramatists, unless one except the Orient, where the theme always has been considered fertile and desirable. As a result of this foundation and construction, they have not an offering that is likely to provoke the critics to glaring headlines and to columns of praise. Perhaps they have not the most virile and stirring effort of which either or both may have been capable. But they present a piece that demands the attention of the spectator at the beginning of the first scene, that is touching his heart strings through the second, that compels his feeling and en-

thusiasm before the climax of the third, and that finally sends him away in the belief that life holds ideals, and this prosaic planet persons who, quietly, perhaps, and stupidly, are fulfilling them. "The Greatest Thing in the World" does not wield the power of Emile Zola, but it has the charm of James Lane Allen; it does not bring the feverish interest given James Gordon Byron, but the restful thought requisite to reading John Greenleaf Whittier; it does not command the eye-aching gaze that might be held to a Melchers, but the loving glance bestowed upon a Daubigny. "The Greatest Thing in the World" has an atmosphere that is rather that of the open than of the scent-filled hothouse, and therein lies the enhancement of whatever effect there may be in its undoubted strength and humaness.

If the clergyman that thought he could show the world how a newspaper should be edited were to undertake to direct a theatre, he might glean a pretty and touching sermon on the Rise and Fall of the Matinee Hero. In the days of his pride, the Matinee Hero is sweeter in the eyes of women than the hope of heaven. The Matinee Hero's photographs in thirty-seven different poses have the dignity of ikons in countless dainty boudoirs. The Matinee Hero receives innumerable notes of exquisite stationery, which he con-



Elsie de Wolfe.  
In "The Surprises of Love."

scientifically consigns to the flames of his gas-logs in the library of his magnificent apartment. No Matinee Hero would think of answering such notes, of course, for no Matinee Hero dares to marry or wishes to marry one of his adorers. There would seem to be something unhallowed in such a marriage, made in the height of his prosperity. The only Matinee Hero of recent years who committed the folly of marrying his most assiduous admirer became a wife-beater two years later. His wife sent him to prison for a year because of his unheroic behavior. He might as well be dead now as far as his professional chances are concerned. He is living obscurely and comfortably at a country house not more than fourteen miles from the spot of his former triumphs. Can't you see that the gods will not the marriage of the Matinee Hero and his gentle worshipper?



*Rushnell photo.*

Eugenie Blair.

Starring in "A Lady of Quality."



*Strongy photo.*

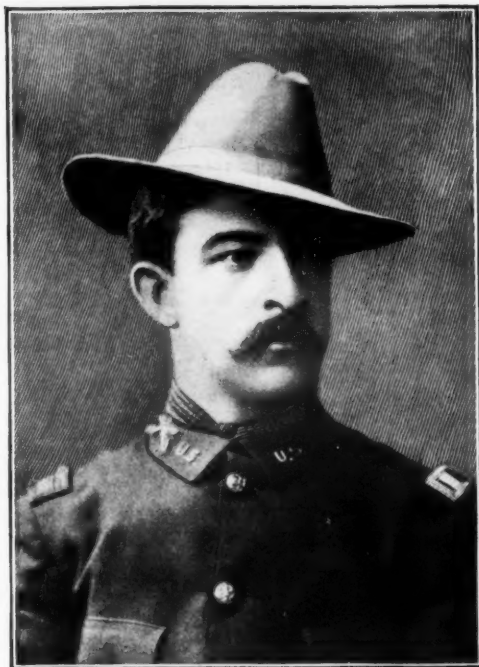
William Faversham.

Empire Theatre Company.

If the Matinee Hero's halo is not thus tragically extinguished, his glory fades season by season. If he is only a Matinee Hero he dies a lingering, torturing death; if he is really an actor, he must go on the road, as a star if possible, and for the rest of his career he must work just as hard as any actor. This is a woful fate.

The women that adored him ten years ago are married now, and are rearing children; and the Matinee Girl of to-day, finding him fat and sparse-haired, wonders "how anybody could ever have thought him nice."

The *New York Times* has published some interesting statistics of a road company. In one season "The Telephone Girl" traveled 10,552 miles in the territory on this side the Mississippi. This is equivalent in distance to a voyage to Liverpool, thence through the European Continent to Bombay. "The Telephone Girl" spent 248 days in traveling this number of miles, and gave 266 performances.



Arthur W. Byron.

As CAPTAIN HODGMAN, in the original production of "Arizona."

The company visited ninety-three towns, which necessitated a packing and unpacking of trunks for each town. The shortest jump made by the company was seven miles, from Troy to Albany; the longest 440 miles, from St. Louis to Cincinnati. The press-agent of the company laid lines for the dramatic editors of 492 newspapers, furnishing each with an average of three paragraphs or articles, which makes about 1,500 articles supplied for reading columns, to which must be added 492 advertisements. That's a literary output to make even Marion Crawford look slow.

If "The Children of the Ghetto" has not convinced the critics that I. Zangwill knows how to build a drama, at least it has afforded them new proof that Wilton Lackaye is one of the most intelligent and forceful actors on the Ameri-

can stage. The critics of England were quick to note the rich endowment of Lackaye despite the short shrift England gave to "Children of the Ghetto." Few actors have undertaken rôles of such dissimilar requirements with equal credit. As *Svengali* in "Trilby" Lackaye's work was wonderful; his *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* in "The Rivals" is delightful and true to the purpose and play of Sheridan. Also, Lackaye's *Charles O'Malley* was a notable achievement, although the play founded on the famous Irish novel never obtained wide popularity. It is news, therefore, of keen relish that Wilton Lackaye is to be starred next season as *Jean Valjean* in "Les Misérables." Whether this new dramatic version of the longest novel ever written will be a success none can say; but one may be sure Lackaye's *Jean* will be an event.



Morrison photo.

Olive White.

Leading Lady with Chauncey Olcott.